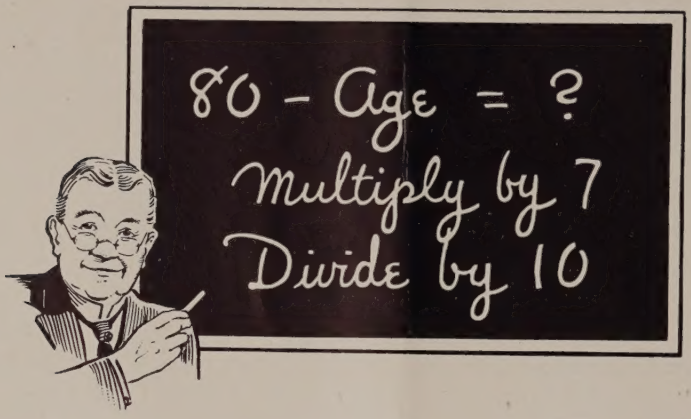
THE MISSIONARY

HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

MARCH 1938



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Foreword

In this issue we major in the work of the Church Extension Division of the Board of Home Missions. The cover is a woods road in late winter, Mt. Holyoke range. Mr. Ryan is manager of the *Holyoke Transcript-Telegram*. Miss Davison is Extension worker in Alabama. Mr. Tripp is Associate Director of the Department of Town and Country of the Church Extension Division. Mr. Marshall is pastor of the church in Challis, Idaho. Mr. Tyler is superintendent of the Nebraska Congregational Conference. Mrs. Dungan is President of the Woman's Department of the Congregational Conference of Oregon. Augustine Jones is pastor of the church in Springfield, Vermont and president of the Vermont Congregational Conference and Domestic Missionary Society. George Sokolsky was political correspondent of *North China Daily News* and Shanghai correspondent of the *London Daily Express*, the *Evening Post* and the *World* in New York, and the *Public Ledger* in Philadelphia 1920–1930, editor of the *Far Eastern Review* for three years (besides other offices) and author of several books and many magazine articles on Far Eastern themes. Mr. Warford is pastor of the church in Missoula, Montana, is the interdenominational student pastor for the University of Montana, is on the faculty of its School of Religion, and has recently been made an associate member of the American Society of Foresters. Walter Smith is pastor at Beach, North Dakota, serving more than one church. Rev. John Haverinen writes from Chicago, Illinois. Mrs. Elson is Women's State President of Michigan.

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At Home and Abroad

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Continuing the *American Missionary* and the *Missionary Herald*

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New in th

By Margueri

THE pioneer type of family life, with the father the dictator of the household, can still be found in various sections of our country; particularly in some parts of the rural South it is still intact.

Children are seen and not heard; each member does his appointed task; individual differences are discouraged; and personality development is little considered.

I know four boys who have been in our high schools who had come from this kind of a home. Each had run away because education was considered unimportant by the family dictator. Individual ambi-

Young People Attend Church in the "Deep South"

"Waiting at the Church" in Georgia

nd the Rural South

avison

tion, when it varied from custom, had been quenched.

Mothers had nothing to say: their job was to get along with and serve *the* man.

Hard work is taught; family solidarity and family virtue; the losing of self for the good of the group. Young people are watched and protected, and they are obedient and courteous to elders.

But, sizable crops of wild oats are sown: they are expected!

You may find a frail, undersized member of this type of household. Nothing has been done for him: doctors are expensive and can be called only when death threatens. Teeth that ache are pulled out. Bad eyes are just unfortunate handicaps. Mental deficiency is a curse that must be endured. If one can't carry his end of the family life, it is just too bad.

Public health work is unknown to such households. Epidemics are catastrophes that must be accepted. Neighbors must care for one another for there is no one else to help, and a sick room is full, day and night, of friends who have remedies to suggest and apply, or who just come to sit.

Doctors and nurses are out of the question. Sometimes it costs a dollar a mile to get a doctor out from town, and one visit might cost the entire cash income of the family for a year. This may be as low as $10 in West Florida, $90 in North Carolina, or $45 in other areas, according to reports of investigators.

Some fortunate communities have doctors who serve whether pay is forthcoming or not, and accept any produce the farmer can give in partial payment.

Children in such a household attend rather irregularly a school which runs for five months during the winter, with a summer session sometimes after crops are laid by. They quit when they reach the fifth or sixth grade, for they are needed to work on the farm.

Mr. Odum in his excellent book on Southern Regions tells us that one-teacher schools are sixty per cent of the total and that one-third of the teachers have had no more than two years of training beyond high school. Less than ten out of every hundred thousand of the population graduate from college.

Children cannot turn to the public library to fill in the gaps left by their very inadequate school experience: six hundred counties in the southeastern states have no libraries. In the mid-west only eighty-five counties lack such facilities, and in the northeast only forty-six. No, these children's brains are not addled by much learning!

SOCIAL LIFE

The social life of these rural regions continues as it was in the beginning of our history, as it was in the days before the economic problem of overpopulations came to worry us, before soil erosion and waste of natural resources were noticed, before race relations demanded consideration, before improved transportation brought the world together, before the sacredness of personality became recognized, before a mechanized society descended upon us.

There is the big revival meeting in the summer; the week of fellowship for the whole countryside and for all the relatives who have moved away. Dinner is served in the grounds with each family providing its share.

All-day singings, Sacred Harp and Seven Shape, with truck loads,

A Rural School in West Florida

wagon loads, and car loads of people coming in from miles around to hear and to take part. The ambition of the small boy and girl is to be a big singer, to lead songs, and to go far afield to all of the festive occasions, the big sings.

There are the quiltings, the peanut shellings, the syrup-makings, the house-raisings, the cemetery cleanings, the hog-killings, the family reunions.

Girls and boys marry young and raise large families. Fathers build small houses for them near the old home, and parents are duly proud who can look about them and see the homes of all their married children. Each community takes care of its own and sees to it that the poorest family does not lack necessities.

•

Is this the ideal situation, the Golden Age of our Rural America?

It has its charm, but it is passing away, and it must pass away. We must face facts and build a new rural America to meet the present conditions. Some of the old customs we are trying to break up: we have worked for independent thought and action on the part of our young people; we have worked against the established custom of marrying young; we have encouraged children to break away from parental chains and to get an education; we have worked for inter-community coöperation to secure a health unit for the whole county and have tried to train folks to stop crowding into sickrooms with doubtful aid.

PRESENT CONDITIONS

Old customs are being broken down by the city folks who have been forced back into the country by unemployment, increasing the rural population by nine per cent in five years. Mr. E. E. White in his *Highland Heritage* tells of the mountain boy who knew something must have happened because his nine brothers and sisters had come back from town to live with dad.

You can see these ex-city folks in all sections of the country; some in neat homes with gardens about the doors, others in tar-paper shacks, deserted cabins, and sod houses, and more living with relatives.

There is the man who isn't interested in having his children go to school, because he went to school and look what it did to him! So what's the use?

Here is the family that needs to enter into rural leadership to overcome the futile feeling caused by failure in the city. Its members took no part in city church life or community activities, but they knew about these and they feel the urge to go ahead into leadership they would not have attempted in the city.

Their standards for schools, churches, roads, community endeavors have been raised by their town experience and they see the needs of the country. In this group there is great hope of leadership.

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There are others besides city and town folks who return to the back country regions. Last fall I spent some time in one of the pioneer rural homesteads of Alabama. From newly cleared land in the hills came the logs which the women folk had peeled and the men placed to build a home. There were field-stone steps, shutters in place of glass windows, and hand-driven shingles.

That house went up piecemeal last year and the family hoped to raise enough vegetables and corn to keep going through the winter. More land will be cleared in another year and maybe a bit of cotton grown for a money crop. These are pioneer folks who know how to meet the demands of primitive life. They are returned sharecroppers who tried the rich lands of Arkansas where cotton grows while you look at it, but where the man who grows it loses with every crop.

By the feeble light of the lamp the house could boast the man told me his story, the story of slaves of the soil. He had pulled out and returned to Alabama, the home of his father, where he could clear another mountain and eke out a living.

Too many sharecroppers have nowhere to go when they fail to come out even at the end of the year. Good pioneer stock like my host, able to wrest a home out of the hills and a living out of barren places if given a chance, many of them possessed of much more intelligence than most of us can boast when it comes to facing life situations.

COÖPERATIVE COMMUNITIES

Go down to the Delta Coöperative Farm where I went last fall. See that group of sharecroppers, evicted from their plantation homes because they had joined the Tenant Farmer's Union, and degraded and scorned by the planters who exploited them.

See the thirty-three families living in a small community near the highway which runs through the upper delta country of Mississippi, working together coöperatively on a 2,138 acre farm. They are running a store, a credit union, a medical service and a real farm.

They are learning a whole new life at the Delta: the kind that shares, that does its part, that can trust its fellow-men, and that seeks

The Christian Endeavor Society of One of Our Alabama Churches

the good of the whole. This is a new rural community, built upon very different standards from the old, attempting to preserve the good of the old life, while learning techniques for facing all that may come in the new.

It is the old community and family life on a high plane, with no dictatorship by the head of the family or the chief man of the community. Education is the accepted thing for the young folks, so accepted that the farm members voted to pay for an extra term for the Negro public school in order to bring it up to the standards of the white school.

Coöperation and the spirit of fair play are cutting through racial barriers in this Mississippi community. It is hard to observe the race laws and to keep brotherly love too, but they are working together on the problem.

Health is made possible for the most unfortunate through the health coöperative. No listless, undersized child goes on through life without examination.

No farmer owes all he makes long before he makes it and has to pay double prices to the plantation commissary for carrying him till pay-off time.

●

The government homesteads are attempting the same type of thing in a less radical way in various sections of our country. I have been particularly interested in the Cumberland Homesteads at Crossville, Tennessee, a section of the mountains where the relief load has been great and over-population a problem.

Here there are two hundred and fifty-one families in a homestead area about ten miles long and three miles wide, embracing twenty-three thousand acres; they have been chosen from the mountain area, from deserted mining villages, strife-torn mining communities, or tiny mountain farms each too small to sustain a family unless outside work is obtained by some of its members.

They have worked together to clear the land; to build the houses and barns; to construct the public buildings, schools, cannery, stores, mills, for the use of the whole group; and to form a coöperative community of subsistence homesteads which will in time belong to those who live upon them.

The coöperative store is an established success; the cannery is going strong; the medical coöperative will soon be in operation it is hoped—miners who used to have to pay company doctors' fees regularly from their earnings are still a bit wary of this coöperative medical service.

The homes are a revelation in comfort and practicality. Never again can the people of this section be satisfied with the usual unsanitary, unscreened, loosely constructed mountain cabin or shoddily built mining camp house.

MINING AND MILL TOWNS

What about the mining camps that are still running? In Dr. Dawber's *Rebuilding Rural America* some mining towns are described as places "where civilization has become a disease and the towns are

Fireplaces Provide Much of the Heat in Georgia

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

disease towns." They are usually rural in location and personnel.

These industries where people barely exist and where they couldn't make ends meet during the depression have been natural centers for strikes and violence. Mill towns where the wage has been pitifully low are gradually becoming interested in the activities of organized labor. But there is not much organization in the cotton mills of Alabama and Georgia. One of our mill-town pastors is under some hidden persecution for publicly condemning the beating up of a labor organizer who came into town.

In mill towns, before the NRA, most of the children went to work just as soon as they could get in. During school days some of them worked after hours, week-ends and during summer vacations.

When the eight hour day replaced the eleven and twelve and a minimum wage was established, I rejoiced for these young folks, until I heard some of them tell of their weariness after standing eight hours on a stretch, without a break, not even for lunch. The stretch-out system was in operation and that meant much heavier work.

However, when rumors of labor organization came into the town, many of the mill hands had been so excellently educated against unions that they were grateful to their companies for mounting machine guns and placing special guards to keep out those awful organizers.

Some young people I have known have laid down their lives, victims to the mills, and some of their younger brothers and sisters who are trying to attend school mornings and work in the mill from two until ten at night, may follow in their footsteps.

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One of our Alabama girls who has been through Thorsby Institute and Piedmont College, and has been a summer worker in our churches for years, has recently become a school attendance officer in one of our backward counties.

She has faced the problems of her county with courage, and has carried on the fight for better health for the underprivileged, for sanitation, child welfare, decent schools, and fair play for the Negro.

Such social workers and teachers as this Alabama girl are contributing much needed leadership to their sections.

Rural America needs leadership badly and it needs good leadership. My friend asked me why it was that so many troubles were brought to her and why she became involved in so many messed-up lives.

What this world needs and turns to is spiritually poised people, people who stand firmly, securely for certain ideals. It is only in developing such leadership that we can hope to meet our social problems.

What Hard Times Are Like

By a Montana Missionary

THE country is desolate-appearing plains with few trees. The locality has gone through some ten years of drouth, the last year being the worst year of all. No grass remaining for cattle, and practically all stock had been shipped out. Many farms and ranches have been abandoned. The county officials report over two million dollars in delinquent taxes.

What had once been a wealthy wheat and cattle growing section is now in a badly bankrupt condition, and practically every business and family is dependent directly or indirectly upon government aid.

The government through the WPA is furnishing $55,000 a month; the Biological Survey is spending a million and one-half dollars in the county; the new courthouse is being erected on government funds; students are receiving N.Y.A. funds, and about one-fourth of the population is on direct relief. It is apparent that if the Federal government had not provided these many aids famine and starvation on a wholesale basis would have resulted.

Having been invited to accompany a group of Masonic officials to make a visitation and inspection of one of the Canadian Masonic lodges, I discovered the same conditions existed across the border to the north of us.

In a conference with one of the ministers of the United Church of Canada I was advised that every institution including the church received its support either in whole or in major portion from outside sources.

I happen to be one of the Field Commissioners for the Boy Scouts of America and the Chairman of Leadership training for this organization; I made an inspection trip through the northeast Montana territory with one of the national executives, and discovered enthusiastic scout troops, but nine-tenths of the overhead was paid by friends in Minnesota and North Dakota.

A Century of Progress in Rural Iowa

By Thomas Alfred Tripp

ONE hundred years ago Congregationalists established their first church west of the Mississippi River at Denmark, Iowa. This parish and the state Conference are planning to celebrate the event by appropriate services and activities this year.

A series of one day rural life institutes was held by the state Conference recently in each of its nine Associations. Those who participated in the two weeks tour as speakers and leaders found themselves taking account of the changes during the past century, analyzing the present situation and evaluating the way in which the church is approaching the problems involved.

•

Little imagination is needed to visualize the changes that have taken place. The earlier sparse settlements and simple equipment for rural living was in marked contrast to the present day farmsteads with their comfortable white houses and big red barns by the side of fine, hard-surfaced roads. Oxen and horses have been largely replaced by power driven farm machinery.

In the beginning the land was owned by the man who tilled it but today, as is the case throughout much of the country, many Iowa farmers are tenants. There has been a serious loss of equity in the land by farm operators.

Iowa soil, "the best in all the land," is so valuable that it is now hard for the average farmer to accumulate enough capital to own it. It is so rich that many farmers have "made good" and retired to the city, leaving cultivation to the care of others.

Farm prices, land speculation, over-expansion of agricultural credit and the depression have contributed to the increase in the loss of farms and the subsequent growth of tenantry.

It should be said that a tenant farmer in Iowa is not as badly off as many who own land in some sections of the nation. But the landowning tradition in the corn-belt these hundred years is calling forth every resource of this great state to correct the situation and re-establish land tenure on a sound basis.

The resulting cultural changes have been significant to the church. The landowning, self-sufficient farm householder living in an indigenous neighborhood planted the church by the side of the little district school.

Today the religious leaders are concerned because many tenants do not go to church. Paying a heavy rental and moving as they do every few years, it is easy to see why tenant farmers find it difficult to support the church.

Consolidated schools, radios, telephones, automobiles and the like have tended to merge the smaller neighborhoods into the trade and cultural "centers" of the larger county seat towns and the cities.

The rural householder, naturally, depends more and more upon the efficiency of urban industry for the preparation of food, clothing and other comforts.

Many of these changes have been fairly recent. The writer recalls his childhood in the corn-belt where he was born in the original log room of a farmhouse built in pioneer days, attended a country Sunday School in a homemade suit and rode with his feet hanging out the back of the "lumber" wagon as it rolled over muddy roads.

In many ways the changes have been all to the good. Living is physically easier in Iowa as compared to a hundred years ago. Spiritually it may be harder; at least it is different.

•

The alert Christian leadership of the state is asking some pertinent questions about the situation. What can the church do to remove the injustices and make the present rural life more of an aid to spiritual development? How can the church endure in a culture so different

The Home of Father Asa Turner, First Pastor of the Denmark Church

The Pioneer Church of Our Fellowship West of the Mississippi is at Denmark, Iowa

from that in which it has been nourished?

Being a practical people the Christians of Iowa have no panaceas. They visualize no Utopia. Nowhere on the recent tour was there found a person who had a "Fabian" solution designed to "save civilization."

Rather, Iowa seeks a churchmanship, based on a Christian view, which will get the community "chores" done. They showed a desire to make an adjustment to the details of modernized rural living.

The local ministers and churches work steadily to accomplish this end. The summer camp program consists of a large state conference and one for each of the nine Associations. This set-up probably leads the nation in the number for a state.

In their curricula these camps are concerned with the Christian approach to economic, social, religious and ecclesiastical problems, seeking to develop a spiritual leadership for the future.

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Preaching missions have reached Iowa. The writer preached during the tour in two missions in rural parishes where the churches were filled and the interest good. The Conference has dedicated itself to the task of "recruiting men and women of good-will by definite commitment to Christ and the Church."

There is a spirit of coöperaton in this Conference. Pastors and laymen of urban churches attended the institutes along with country leaders and they all showed much earnestness and intelligence in the discussion of rural problems. In each section of the state there was a manifest interest in and a familiarity with the workings of the Iowa Conference and the Board of Home Missions.

Whether there were expressions of approval or suggestions for the improvement of the services of these agencies to the churches in the state, the demand was for closer fellowship and more mutual helpfulness on both a state and a country-wide basis.

The pioneer spirit is still very much alive in the state. In recognition of the establishment of the Denmark Church in 1838 there has been inaugurated "The Centenary Program of the Congregational Christian Conference of Iowa" which looks forward, not backward, as indicated by the statement: "Gratefully remembering the heritage of the last one hundred years, the Congregational Christian Churches of Iowa dedicate themselves to special effort to make the One Hundredth Anniversary spiritually significant for *the years that are ahead.*"

Iowa has her problems but she, also, has great resources in good land, practical churchmanship, constructive fellowship and pioneering Christian spirit.

In the Mountains of Idaho

By Millard H. Marshall

My last trip to Clayton, a mining town twenty-six miles from here, was even more thrilling than usual. The highway follows the canyon of the Salmon River. At best the road is rough, winding and exceedingly narrow. Cars do not always meet where there is sufficient room for passing. Often one stops at a wide place and waits for the other; if they meet unawares one or the other must back up.

With ice and snow much of the way the journey becomes even more impressive. Where the slippery road squeezes in between the canyon wall and the ice-filled river a slight skid could bring disaster.

On this visit the services were not held in the Legion Hall, where we usually meet, because the cold weather made it difficult to heat this unfinished building. Instead, we gathered at the schoolhouse, where some of the week-day warmth still lingered. The one difficulty is that the community piano is kept at the Legion Hall to help with the dancing. After the manner of the early days the pitch was set by the minister to enable the congregation to sing a few familiar hymns.

On the way home late that night the lights of the car penetrating the cold crisp air caused the snow to sparkle like myriads of diamonds.

Echoes from Student Summer Service

EACH summer the Church Extension Division commissions about a hundred college and seminary boys and girls for two months of work among the home mission churches of the South and West. The following paragraphs record some of the impressions and achievements of the summer of 1937.

LONG CALLS ARE WELCOME IN THE WEST

In our theological training we are taught that our pastoral visits should be quite brief. This may be true enough for city calling, or in other situations where people are busy or rushed, but it did not fit the conditions I met.

People had reached the slack season and they had been watching drouth and disease take away their corn and livestock. They were only too glad to drop whatever they might have been doing and sit down to visit.

Often they had long stories to tell, or a lot of questions to ask about farm life in Wisconsin, or both. It would have been rude and unkind to jump up at the end of twenty minutes and exclaim that we had to move on to the next place.

Why, at one home I drove into the yard at about eleven o'clock and started to visit with the man at his tool shed.

"Come on into the house where it's cooler, and we'll set and visit till dinner's ready," he said after a few minutes!

What else could one do in such a situation? I went in and had a nice *long* visit and a good dinner.

At several places I would find the farmer waiting around for his last hog to die of cholera so that he could dispose of it. Horses and cattle had been dying of anthrax or sleeping sickness, and I had seen a number of carcasses burning in the fields.

Many families were moving from this region because they had nothing with which to meet the winter; some were going to the western part of South Dakota, others as far as the West Coast.

It was hard to find words adequate to bring hope and courage to those stricken people, yet we tried to build into our Sunday services all that we possessed of faith, and our deepest convictions about the universe in which we live. In Scripture, in the words of great hymns, and in inspired poetry, we found resources for meditations that might have been of help to worried people.

However, much as this might help on Sundays, I think it did people good when they could show their minister the actual conditions which they had to face every day, and I know it relieved them somewhat to be able to relate their troubles to an interested listener.

My background of twenty years and more spent on a farm was of no small help to me in talking with these people.

HERBERT G. KELLY

OBSERVING THE INDIANS

When we stop to give the situation a long range view, we see the Indians, a roving band of people, abruptly squelched by the U. S. government. No longer could they rule themselves, confined to a certain area, old rites forbidden.

Because of our fear of uprisings, no time was given these people to adjust themselves to our manner of living or our methods of gaining a livelihood. In our eager haste to settle the matter, provisions were made which gave each Indian a living without his earning it.

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Consequently, today we have a bigger problem on our hands than we had then. We find ourselves shifting the burden from one hand to another. Here we have a group of helpless people living in a section of the state where it is practically impossible to earn a decent living.

A helpless people because everything they have has been given them, and much of what has been given them has been taken away by people who have heartlessly taken advantage of their ignorance of legal procedure.

Everywhere in their Reservation towns, at any time of day, one can see men sitting, doing nothing. We find restless young people, so hindered by their environment that in a few years they will be these older people sitting in the shade.

We find the young people hesitant and bashful about stepping out

Where Trees Are Scarce Callers Are Welcome

One of Our Indian Churches

and becoming leaders. One might say it is because they have no ambition. This is not true.

They are so afraid of the jealousy a success would arouse in their own tribe, and so afraid of being ridiculed by members of the white race. It is this fear which causes them to laugh at a white person whenever possible.

How is one to meet this situation? A situation which cannot be compared to any other in the U. S.?

If we would start from the ground and build up, we must lay a sound foundation, and this foundation must be the home. We must educate not only the children but the parents as well. It is a slow process, the success or failure of which cannot be judged by a short period experiment.

We are educating the young people somewhat but I think more stress should be laid on adult education, just as in our white communities.

We must have parents who will help and not hinder their young people in the attempt to live life at the fullest.

Roberta B. Price

WITH THE MEXICANS OF EL PASO

The city of El Paso may well be called the City of Contrast. It is a place where modern civilization mingles with the easy-going ways of the native Mexican, Indian, and Spanish.

The Mexican peddles his native goods through the streets as in his beloved Mexico. The white neighbor sells his articles by the best approved methods. Yet both are bound to earn a living: one to meet hundreds of whims and fancies; the other barely making enough to meet life's urgent needs.

I dare say that 99.9 per cent of the children who attended our school came from parents who at one time or another had lived in Mexico. They were intelligent children who had not been afforded the best opportunities for physical, moral, intellectual, and spiritual development, either by home environment or by the community.

The educational facilities of the city are not what they should be. The schools are very crowded, especially on the sections where the Mexicans live. To meet the situation the school authorities conduct schools during the summer just as in winter. Children up to the fourth grade go to school during the summer and have their vacation during early fall so as to make room for the rest of the children. The heat during the summer months is so intense that I don't see how teachers and pupils can remain in school day in and day out.

We were unable to have morning sessions of our Vacation School, so we met from 2 p.m. on, and many of the older children came to do their manual work evenings. Our courses emphasized the spiritual, the moral, and the practical.

The total enrollment was 85; average daily attendance 55; there were 27 Protestant children, 55 Catholics, 3 non-sectarians. There were 58 males, 27 females; 18 were in kindergarten and primary, 14 each in first and second grades, 7 in the third, 12 in the fourth, 8 in the fifth, 4 in the sixth, 1 each in seventh, eighth, tenth and eleventh, 4 in the ninth.

Many children at fourteen and fifteen years of age were only in the third and fourth grades. I inquired about that and was told that they started late to go to school. Some parents did not send their children regularly and many of eight years had not attended any public school.

Mrs. Benigno Romero

THE BIBLE A TOPIC OF CONVERSATION IN LOUISIANA

Perhaps the most interesting part of the work was the visitation. In the Barnes Creek community I stayed every night at one home—that nearest the church—but I walked to the various homes of the community for my dinner and supper every day.

I found that the people themselves would turn the conversation to religious topics. Occasionally they would ask about some portion of Scripture that had come to their attention in Bible School study or elsewhere; e.g., I was asked about that Scripture in Matthew 6:34, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow. . . ."

Several questions were raised by the teachings of different sects, especially of the Pentecostals and the Seventh Day Adventists. I was asked for my views about keeping the seventh day, about the speaking with tongues, and about the tithes being meant for the preacher.

As much as possible I tried to point out definite Scriptures in

A Post Office in One of Our Louisiana Parishes

answer to such questions; they did not seem to be asked so much out of perplexity as out of a desire for definite evidence for the basis of their convictions.

Questions of liberalism were apparently foreign to them, although on one or two occasions I was surprised at the breadth of their thinking in certain matters of interpretation. They were hungry to study the Bible. Several of them had practically learned to read from their study of the Scriptures alone.

Occasionally one heard a prayer that sounded a bit crude, but their sense of God's presence and power to hear and answer prayer was quite praiseworthy. Their religion was more real to them than that of most my church acquaintances in the North, although many needed to grow in certain refinements and appreciations.

For example, some of them did not see the need for keeping the church neat and attractive. The church building was constructed much better than any of the homes in the Barnes Creek community, but we had trouble in getting cooperation in keeping the yard clean or the church swept. Nevertheless, they were very teachable and wanted to do what was best.

HOMER F. PERRY

INTERDENOMINATIONALISM IN SOUTH DAKOTA

I spent three very enjoyable weeks at Wessington Springs. The people in three of the churches (Congregational, Methodist, Baptist) entertained me and gave me my meals.

The first week I lived in two Congregational homes and had my meals at different homes each day. The second week I was at Rev. Mr. Kearton's home (the Methodist parsonage) four nights and breakfasts and had my other meals in Methodist homes.

The third week I lived in two Baptist homes and ate among the Baptist people. I enjoyed knowing the different people through contacts in their homes. I found them not only grand people, but also the best hosts and hostesses I have ever known as a community.

BERTHA JUELL

BEAUTIFYING THE SANCTUARY IN WYOMING

The church in Glendo is not a particularly old building, but it was not well kept. Further, behind the pulpit was a "mural" 4 x 12. It was in crayon on cloth and was to represent the birthplace of Christ, I think. This had been used in the Christmas play and had not been taken down.

After talking with a few of the families, I removed this and put it away for future use. In its place I put a piece of dark blue cloth and of discarded lumber built a cross which stood before this background, on a borrowed table. Over the table I put a clean table cloth which reached to the floor and placed two small vases with fresh flowers on each side of the cross.

After moving the pulpit to one side, the view from any part of the church centered on the cross. This was not a permanent fixture and would take less than five minutes to arrange as before, so I felt justified in doing this. It helped with the worship service a great deal.

HARRY B. GORDON

PIONEERING IN MONTANA

The people with whom we became acquainted were of the finest type. In spite of some mighty discouraging factors they were generous, hospitable, kind, hopeful and faithful.

Most of them, while still owning or living on their ranches, had been hard hit by the drought and crop failures through the invasion of hordes of grasshoppers during the last five years. This has in turn directly affected their main industry of sheep raising.

The abundant rains of the spring, while having done much flood damage, had helped their irrigating systems. The prospects were bright for a good harvest, especially of alfalfa which would be used to feed their sheep during the winter.

The price of wool had also risen which would help increase their incomes, enabling them to meet the higher cost of living. Despite many hardships, the families as a whole were happy.

Of this group, those most interested in the Sunday School and church were mothers of the larger

Boys in Student Summer Service Are Entertained in Louisiana Homes Such as This

families who wanted their children to at least have some contact with religion. The organization of the Voges Sunday School and Preaching Point had also stimulated some home training, and here and there, religious discussions that had been unheard of before.

Our experience with the Daily Vacation Bible School at the Voges schoolhouse was most interesting. Not only did the children enjoy the activities of the week, but we found them very profitable too. Most were quite regular in their attendance considering that was a busy season on ranches and every child had to help with the chores and often with the heavy work.

As far as we were able to discover the recreational facilities of this group of children had been very limited, and so one of the things we tried to do was to teach them a few games that they might play whenever opportunity afforded. We showed them how to construct equipment for other games out of material they were sure to have on hand.

For example: the boys cut willow sticks with crotches for shuffleboard equipment; checkers could be played with stones and rivets on a marked floor; darts for target practice could be made out of sticks, nails and paper. The girls were taught how to make things like drawing pads and memo notebooks out of paper. Our whole program was kept at a minimum of expense so that all could participate, and at a later date carry out ideas with little or no cost.

ARTHUR EDWARD BOMERS

Saving a Church From Disaster

By William A. Tyler

IN the late nineties the First Presbyterian Church of Wichita, Kansas, faced a critical emergency. It was pastorless, it had a huge debt, and it was threatened with the loss of its property. Obviously, survival demanded strong leadership. The chief qualification demanded in a pastor would naturally be ability to lead in clearing off the church debt.

The attention of the committee was called to a young man serving the Second Presbyterian Church of Lincoln, Nebraska. Negotiations ensued. The young pastor visited the vacant church and made a favorable impression. Further consultation revealed that the committee was anxious to recommend the young candidate but was perplexed by a demand on his part that seemed to them unreasonable and likely to defeat the purpose which the church had in view.

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This insistent condition was that the church make definite plans to be a missionary church; that it set as its first goal the meeting of its missionary apportionment; that it rest its case with its members and the community upon the conviction that the Christian spirit is fundamentally one of sharing and that the pastorate should open with a free will offering for missions.

The committee hesitated: the church waited. The situation was critical. Finally, as much through desperation as from settled conviction of the wisdom of meeting the condition, the church consented and the young man was called.

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The pastorate began under conditions that mingled hope and fear. Plans were made for the missionary offering. The Sunday arrived and with it a drenching rain. Even the faith of the courageous pastor wavered. After much prayer he made his way to the church.

Even as he went discouraging thoughts came. Had he acted wisely? Would the members use the weather as an excuse and stay away? Would the offering be a mere pittance that would add to the pervading gloom?

Voices out of the air seemed to whisper to the pastor that he was a foolish fanatic and that the results would make evident his lack of balance.

The time for worship arrived. As the minister entered the pulpit he was happily surprised at the size of the congregation. His wavering spirit gained courage. His sermon was a ringing challenge to attempt great things for God and to expect great things from Him.

The people caught the vision. They brought to the altar an unexpectedly generous offering. After the service they gathered in groups to marvel over what had been done and to express their hope for the future.

In the next few years the whole indebtedness was paid. The budget of the church for local expenses grew so that a staff could be employed. The church furnished the entire support for a missionary overseas, and for workers at home.

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It became one of the great churches of the city and the state. There was a strong conviction that much of the transformation was due to the change from a self-centered to a missionary church.

The young pastor, Rev. Charles E. Bradt, in later years became one of the secretaries of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

An Open Letter To Christian Brethren Throughout the World

From Japanese Christian Leaders

In the name of our Common Lord, Greetings:

We realize that the outbreak of the present Sino-Japanese Conflict has caused you much concern and great anxiety, and we wish to express our deep appreciation for your sympathy.

Believing that God is the only righteous judge, we have doubted the wisdom of our indulging in much discussion about the present controversy. Now, however, that the situation has become increasingly tense, and friends abroad are so greatly concerned as to ask us to give our interpretation we wish, in response to this request, to write frankly and supply some information upon which to base a fair judgment. Morever we consider it a privilege of our Christian fellowship, at this time of trial, to request your incessant prayer for the establishment of enduring peace in the Far East.

It is needless to say that we Japanese Christians are not behind the Christians of other lands in our yearning for peace and the welfare of mankind. Moreover it is unnecessary to stress the fact that there is no one who does not deplore the tragedy of war. Yet arguments along mere idealistic lines will not solve actual problems. We must deal with each particular case after a realistic investigation of the facts.

For many years it has been the common and united prayer of the Christians as well as the earnest desire of the leaders of both Japan and China that these two nations might be able to cultivate peaceful relations, find a basis for mutual help and common prosperity, and enjoy enduring peace in the Orient. Contrary to our desire, however, incident has followed incident during these years. These incidents have caused us much anxiety and have tended to alienate the two nations.

Conscious of our Christian duty to promote mutual understanding and fellowship between the two nations, at least among the Christians, we sent a deputation last May to confer with Chinese Christian leaders. They too were moved by a similar desire and we came to a common agreement as to certain methods for promoting understanding and goodwill. Together we were on the point of carrying out these plans when to our great regret the North China incident suddenly broke out and shattered our hopes.

Yet as set forth in the statement of our Government, we still hoped for a peaceful solution of the situation and urged the churches throughout the country to make this an object of prayer. Unfortunately the state of affairs has grown worse and worse until it has reached the present stage. You can easily conjecture the sense of pain and concern which possesses us Christians these days.

Realizing the seriousness of the situation and the importance of each particular incident we have not stood aloof but with deep concern have counseled our Christian leaders to investigate the truth regarding the origin and development of both the North China and the Shanghai incidents. We believe that our governmental authorities, military as well as civil, tried their best to adhere to a non-aggravation policy and exercised the utmost patience even at the expense of strategic advantages.

In Shanghai our Consul General appealed to the Foreign Diplomatic Corps requesting them to discharge the responsibility resting upon them as witnesses of the Truce Agreement drawn up in 1932 and to see that the Chinese troops observed the treaty, but in vain. The situation thus developed from bad to worse until it induced the present terrible state of war. This development was and is deeply regretted both by our authorities and by our people at large.

Now, however, it is almost useless to discuss superficially which side is responsible for the outbreak of these incidents. Peculiar conditions exist there. Garrisons of several countries are stationed in these areas. There are various treaties between the two countries defining their rights. The situation being thus seriously complicated and involved in long historical background, it cannot be dealt with through hasty judgment. Neither can we deal with the situation as comprised of isolated incidents of a temporary nature, whch suddenly occurred in the territory of another country.

Ever since the country was opened to foreign trade, Japan has been anxious to establish the security of the Far East against the aggressive policy of some Western powers. As a result of this she has been forced to fight at various times—greatly endangering her national destiny—in areas centering around China. This has involved great sacrifice. Yet the Japanese people, always mindful of their indebtedness to China's cultural influence throughout many hundreds of years of their mutual history, have as a rule tried to hold to a good neighbor policy. The government and peo-

ple alike helped a great deal in the establishment of the New China under the influence of the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

It is a most grievous fact that unhappy incidents, occurring one after another, have interrupted the friendly relations between these two neighboring nations. This ever-growing tendency drove them at last to the breaking point and brought about the present most unfortunate situation.

We find ourselves all but helpless as we face this inevitable historical development. It is with a sense of anguish that we find ourselves unable to do anything other than await adjudication and judgment from above.

Japan has been obliged to adopt this most undesirable measure of self-defence because of her belief that the anti-Japanese national policy of the Nanking government on the one hand, a policy utilized as a means of consolidating that nation, and China's policy of coöperating with Communism with its anti-religious materialism on the other hand, directly threaten her national foundation and endanger her very existence. Japan has also been forced to realize anew that under the conditions which obtain at present in international relations the loss of her acquired vantage ground in the Far East would be a calamity which the nation could not survive. It has, therefore, become the firm conviction of the Japanese people as a whole that the nation must be ready to pay the price and make the sacrifice in order to defend the country and to live.

Nevertheless, it is the peace of the Far East and the common prosperity of China and Japan which are the desire and final goal not only of us Christians but also of the general public and of the government. It is an obvious fact that the Japanese people have no feeling of enmity whatever toward the Chinese, many of whom are living undisturbed and peacefully within the Japanese Empire even at the present time.

We deeply deplore the fact that numerous tragedies have occurred in the course of the fighting in China. Such tragedies are inevitable in modern warfare. We do not believe that our troops have purposely made non-combatants objects of attack. It is very difficult to get at the real facts and it is quite natural, especially for those being in the midst of the turmoil of actual operations, to be moved by all kinds of rumors. It is obviously too much to ask that they remain quiet and see the whole truth.

The present unfortunate condition of conflict between the two countries must be restored to normal and friendly relationship as soon as possible. We can bear witness to the fact that it is the earnest hope and expectation of our people that we may be ready to give hearty coöperation and full support to the work of the reconstruction of China, whenever such help is needed. We Christians especially should be constructive in our thinking and in our efforts to influence others in bringing about such a state of affairs. We firmly believe the time will soon come when we should coöperate with the Chinese Christian leaders in our common task of carrying out our mission of redemption and salvation.

Most sincerely do we hope that Christian leaders throughout the world, including China, will quietly and carefully study this very complicated situation, and avoid the passing of hasty judgment based on emotions aroused by temporary, isolated and unhappy occurrences so that, with a broad outlook and far reaching insight, they may be able to help discover the way out of this crisis.

It is a matter of profound regret that the present complicated international situation has arisen largely because of the failure of the Christian forces to apply the teachings of Christ to the thought-life and culture of contemporary minds and to secure their realization in practice.

We Christians bear a common responsibility and should humble ourselves before God because of our inability and our inaction. The result is that these two nations, which should be real brothers, have been plunged into this terrific sacrifice, a sacrifice common to both sides.

We are striving to meet the present crisis in such a way that things may work out to the glory of God, and we earnestly desire that blessing may come out of this calamity. We would humbly avail ourselves of the guidance of the Holy Spirit that we may learn the lesson which God would teach the human race through this tragedy.

Most sincerely do we request the earnest prayer of our fellow Christians throughout the world for the hastening of the coming of His Kingdom in the Far East.

[*Editor's note:* The signers are forty-five of Japan's most prominent and influential Christians. In our January issue, page 2, we published as news, without comment, the Kumiai churches' *official* statement regarding the Sino-Japanese War. On the page opposite we gave an *individual* Christian's expression of suffering. Again, as news, we give the *collective* message of a group of Japanese Christians of world-wide fame, men and women, college presidents, clergymen, and others.]

"We have been struck," writes Carolyn Sewall of Tientsin, China, "with the really Christian attitudes of understanding and freedom from bitterness on the part of our Christian leaders and many of the humbler church members. One or two visits from Christian Japanese have increased the feeling that there is a brotherhood and a bond which is stronger than racial antipathies."

Puerto Rico: A Dream Come True

By Mrs. Carl W. Elson

For many years, Puerto Rico has been a spot I wanted to visit. A young soldier during the Spanish-American War, who afterwards became my husband, brought back many tales of the natural beauty of the island, its delightful climate, its beautiful setting in the incomparable Caribbean Sea, and the wonderful opportunity facing the United States and the Christian church to aid in the development of its life.

We arrived in San Juan Monday morning, and waiting for the ship to dock, saw many things of interest—the old historic fort standing like a guardian, the Governor's mansion, the tropical foliage and royal palms, and fading out in the distance, the mountains of Puerto Rico. The native boys in the water diving for the money thrown to them by the passengers gave further evidence that we were in the tropics.

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Blanche Kellogg Institute—even the name lends enchantment, but I had to see it to really appreciate its charm. Beautiful of situation on Ponce De Leon Boulevard, in Santurce, suburb of San Juan; dignified Spanish architecture; quiet, spacious surroundings, shrubs, trees and foliage; attractive and inviting patio, and everywhere bright, vivacious young students.

After our first meal in the spacious new dining-room with the members of the faculty and all the students, we no longer felt like strangers but part of a happy family. Here one hundred girls play, study and live together like normal girls everywhere.

We had observed them in their dormitories, in classrooms, in the dining-room, on the playground; worshipped with them in their beautiful chapel; listened to their music and visited with them to learn of their aspirations and hopes.

I witnessed the change that had been wrought—from awkward, shy and retiring girls to alert, poised and self-reliant young women facing life with a Christ-like idealism, and looking forward to more training to be better able to take their place and serve their generation.

Behind this institution is a great spirit—a spirit dominating all of its life—the Spirit of Christianity as lived and exemplified in the lives of

The archways of Blanche Kellogg Institute suggest hospitality

Miss Lamar and her teachers and helpers. This spirit like a golden thread finds its way into the hearts of the girls and draws them together so that every life is enriched by it, and cannot help but be changed by it.

Since coming home I have learned that adjoining land has been purchased and that the building will be enlarged as soon as funds are available.

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George A. Riggs, general missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, arranged to take me over to the Ryder Memorial Hospital in Humacao. It is forty-five miles from Santurce to Humacao.

We passed pineapple fields, banana, coffee, sugar and tobacco plantations; a number of small villages; stopped to watch a queer funeral procession; visited one of the old cemeteries; and observed living conditions along the way. I have never seen such poverty—hovels in the hills, dirty children, weary mothers and discouraged men.

"What is that building up there in the hills?" I remarked to Mr. Riggs as we approached a beautiful scenic landscape.

He did not answer at once but I noticed a smile on his face.

"Yes, I have always admired that spot, and I hope to visit it sometime," he said after awhile.

We reached the road leading up to the building, and before the car turned in, Dr. Riggs said, "This is Ryder Memorial Hospital."

Again I was thrilled as when I found myself in Blanche Kellogg. The hospital and other buildings are set back from the main highway on an elevation affording a wonderful vista. An ideal site surrounded by friendly hills, trees, flowers and shrubs, and at the foot of the hills a little village with its church near by.

Waiting for the Clinic at Ryder Memorial Hospital

Dr. Ralph M. Mugrage, in charge of the hospital, explained that it was clinic day, which accounted for the long line of sick folks. The hospital has a fifty bed capacity, a children's ward, laboratory, X-ray room and operating room. I marvelled at the number of operations performed and laboratory examinations made by such a small staff.

"We work all the time," Dr. Mugrage explained.

That clinic line—shall I ever forget it—old and young, clean and dirty, crooked legs and straight ones, sore eyes, sad faces and happy ones, all here together, to touch the hem of the Great Physician, and feel his healing touch through the hands of our Christian doctors and nurses.

In spite of the lack of proper equipment, limited space and shortage of trained workers, Ryder Memorial Hospital is creating a place for itself in the life of Puerto Rico. More and more it is attracting men and women who can afford to meet the cost of their hospitalization, as well as hundreds of poor folks who pay what they can, which in many cases is not much.

I wish that I could inspire our church women to remove some of these handicaps so that Ryder Memorial might render better service without subjecting her doctors and nurses to such a severe nervous strain.

Miss Myers, superintendent of nurses, showed me many ways in which the hand-work materials are used. Her supply of sheets, blankets and pillow slips is always on the border line of exhaustion.

When I learned how much these materials mean to her and the work, and that Ryder Memorial could not function so effectively without them, I determined that in Michigan I would do everything within my power to fill our quota.

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Income Received from Investments

Seven months previously reported	$43,741.27
Month of Jan., 1938	8,116.45
Total for eight months ending Jan. 31, 1938	$51,857.72

American Missionary Association Division

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

WILLIAM T. BOULT, *Treasurer*

Home Missions Come Home

THROUGHOUT the Nineteenth Century the frontier was the great fact of American life. The face of the nation was turned toward the setting sun. The unemployed and the poor could always take refuge on the free lands of the West. If one were ill-adjusted to the intimacies of life in the closely settled portions of the country, he could flee away to the personal liberty which was the heritage of the pioneer.

For years the frontier set the tempo of American life. The presidential candidates who had been born in log cabins enjoyed a greater popularity than those who entered the world in more effete settings. The Republican party, the Methodist Church and the state university were all born of the frontier.

Home Missions began as an endeavor to keep alight the fires of Christian devotion in the ever-multiplying settlements of the West. It was a sound instinct which led the churches to follow the frontier, for the frontier in turn moulded the nation. Thanks to home missions, there is far more Puritanism today in Kansas than in New England.

The freeing of the slaves created another acute problem in our American life. A nation which was part ignorant and part educated was but little better than one which was half slave and half free. A submerged class in the South was a continuing threat to our ideals of democracy. The churches sensed the situation and commissioned a small army of teachers to open the school book to the Negro.

Out of its experience in evangelizing the frontier and educating the Negro the church achieved a sense of destiny. It discovered that it could make a difference in the life of the nation. In its soul was born the ideal that our country should be a Christian land. The horizon of home missions was lifted from the frontier and the Negro to include all our people.

Meanwhile the geographical picture had changed. As a wave rolls up on the beach, breaks, and then recedes in a multitude of little eddies, so the frontier swept across the continent and then broke up into a host of small areas where pioneer conditions still persist. These little frontiers are needy, but are not particularly central in the life of the nation.

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The traditional tides of population have reversed themselves. Instead of our young men going West, the tendency is for the more ambitious youth of the West and South to seek their fortunes in the cities of the North and East. The spiritual successors of the pioneers who opened the furrows across the continent are to be found hustling for a living on Manhattan Island.

The problem of making America a Christian nation is no longer merely a matter of maintaining home missionaries in certain isolated areas. In the tangled skein of modern life every church is likely to find itself face to face with a home missionary problem.

The Negro to whom we formerly sent home missionaries moves in next door. Thirty years ago a group of vigorous churches in the heart of Brooklyn was the pride of our fellowship. Today the miles upon miles of old brownstone fronts which were once inhabited by ambitious young couples from New England are now tenanted by Negroes, Jews, Italians, and Spanish-speaking peoples.

A more subtle problem has been created by "the acids of modernity." What was once politely taken for granted is now openly questioned. The preacher who merely repeats what the seminary taught him is lost. A public which is gradually learning to penetrate beneath the nice words of the advertiser and the politician will not listen to the church with credulous ears.

On every front our churches face spiritual problems: how to speak to men's needs in a language which they will understand; how to clothe the faith which has come down to us from the fathers in garments of contemporaneous reality; how to face the utterly baffling problems of modern life effectively. The accent in which these questions are asked may vary in Nevada and New York, but there is no difference in their essence.

What do these changes imply for home missions in general and for our own Board of Home Missions in particular?

Geography is a diminishing element in the picture. It is still necessary to make home missionary grants for the support of pastors in certain areas of the West and South. These men are needed. Their local constituents cannot provide them with an adequate living. Financial assistance means the difference between futility and a chance for progress so far as these churches are concerned.

But, necessary though it may be, the making of home missionary grants will not of itself hasten the day when this will be a Christian nation.

In our own fellowship the state conferences have assumed the responsibility for looking after such churches as need financial assistance in the more populous and prosperous sections of the country. This is a wholesome form of local self-determination.

National assistance to local Eng-

lish-speaking churches by the Board of Home Missions is largely confined to the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, portions of Washington, Oregon, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Tennessee and a few churches in North Carolina.

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For the future the major responsibility of the Board of Home Missions will be the service of all the churches, not only in such matters as assistance in the securing of buildings and the care of aged ministers, but in the quickening of their inner life.

The power of a church does not depend upon either its building or its budget but upon its message to men. All too many congregations are "all dressed up with no place to go." Their need is an invigorating purpose in life.

Our task for today and tomorrow is to develop ways by which churches can be inoculated with new ideas and fired with fresh purposes. A beginning has already been made by the Division of Christian Education through its departments of Children's Work, Young People's Work, World Fellowship and Leadership Education.

The Commission on Evangelism has held many interesting gatherings for our pastors. Through convocations and in other ways the state conferences are active in this area. The young women employed as Extension Workers in the Southeast have helped to lead the churches among which they work into a more effective service to their communities. The church officer visitation as conducted in a number of states has broadened the horizons of many laymen.

But these endeavors are merely a beginning. We are still seeking to develop a technique by which the members of our local congregations may be led to look beyond the walls of the church and the limits of the parish and see themselves against the background of community needs and world-wide problems.

The churches are not always convinced that the help which the national organizations have to offer is of much value. Psychologically they come from Missouri. But the way must be found by which effective spiritual invigoration can be carried from the fellowship of churches to the local congregation.

The future business of home missions will lie less on the map and more in the human heart. As our fathers had the devotion to follow the frontier and to meet the emergency created by emancipation, so we must face the problems of our time.

As the carving of a masterpiece out of stone is more difficult than the erection of a great building, so does the task of today call for more skill and a finer imagination than did that of yesterday. The greatest difficulties in the way of making America Christian are still before us.

"The Midwinter Meeting"

According to well-established custom the Missions Council, the Prudential Committee of the American Board, the directors of the Board of Home Missions, the state superintendents, the women state presidents, the Executive Committee of the General Council, the Council for Social Action and sundry and various other groups met at Evanston, Illinois, during the fourth week in January.

The state superintendents began their sessions on Friday, January 21; the people interested in young peoples summer conferences finally packed up and went home on Friday, January 28.

As usual, the weather felt as though Evanston were the anteroom to the north pole, but the sun persisted in shining, which helped. The only sign of spring, and one of the few evidences of recovery, was the fact that someone seems to have presented Hubert Herring with a new hat.

Compared with other midwinter meetings, the atmosphere was clearer and the tempo distinctly calmer. Nobody seemed to be excited about anything. The attention centered on the goals before us rather than upon the obstacles in the way. The brethren were concerned with surveying the woods rather than in cutting down the trees.

Much of this was due to the closer integration of our missionary forces under the Board of Home Missions and the Missions Council. The business of the meeting was less technical and involved than that of other years. A simpler organization afforded more immediate access to the roots of things.

The bulk of the business was not of general interest. Steps were taken to integrate the Council for Social Action more intimately with the Board of Home Missions through the setting up of a standing committee upon which both will be represented. The Debt of Honor Campaign will have the right of way so far as the attention of the churches is concerned, while the regular promotion of regular giving to missions will continue, but without any spectacular methods. A study of a number of churches revealed that personal contacts are

more efficacious than the printed page. For 1938 it is expected that less literature will be produced and more intimate conferences held.

The meetings abounded in inspiration. At the fellowship banquet Secretary Charles E. Burton expressed the appreciation of the churches for the four superintendents who retire during the next six months; P. Adelstein Johnson of Iowa, W. A. Tyler of Nebraska, C. E. McKinley of Rhode Island and Lucian J. Marsh of the Central South. He incidentally confessed his own inability to participate in "bull sessions" and told something of his boyhood on a western farm.

The sermon, communion and worship services conducted by Andrew Vance McCracken of the South Church of Concord, New Hampshire, grew in interest and impressiveness.

The achievements of the boards were presented with unusual power. President Edward Weeks Cross of the Board of Home Missions made evident both the unity and deeper goals of its activities.

Three men were required to tell the story of the Council for Social Action: A. W. Swan of Madison, Wisconsin; Hubert Herring and Arthur Holt. The latter was introduced as "looking like George Washington and talking like Abraham Lincoln."

Superintendent Faville of Wisconsin showed how the state conferences serve the cause of the boards as well as local interests.

Fred Goodsell outdid himself as he described missions as a process of planting Christian personalities in the furrow of human need.

One of the surprises of the session was the Council for Social Action luncheon, which majored on religion. Arthur Holt described the speaker, Harold Bosley, religious worker at the Iowa State Normal College, as "the only candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy whom I have ever known to enjoy his oral examination more than did the faculty." He traced the religious and theological roots of social action in a speech which was sparing of words.

Instead of presenting blueprints of possible plans for the future, the sessions concerned with promotion were devoted to the exposition of plans which have actually worked.

Superintendent Rollins of New York told of how he routed his missionary team so as to both reach the people and cover expenses through offerings.

Superintendent Hall of Ohio described the success of a campaign to put a missionary into every one of his more than 300 churches.

Superintendent Gaylord outlined the methods he had used in holding meetings for laymen only.

Four of the women state presidents also told of their experiences. Mrs. Bryant N. Brown of Southern California recounted how the churches were visited. Mrs. J. Henry Hornung of Kansas described how the women had helped to gather apportionment money. Mrs. G. S. Ryerson of New York told of their emphasis upon Bible study and the activities of their legislative committee. Mrs. Robert G. Williams of Florida pictured the happy results when people who are scattered over a large area get together.

Few changes were made in officers. Robert G. Armstrong of New Hampshire was elected chairman of the superintendents and Frank Carlson of Oregon, secretary. Mrs. Bryant N. Brown of Southern California succeeded Mrs. Charles E. Reidt as chairman of the women state presidents. W. Frederick Bohn of Oberlin was re-elected chairman of the Missions Council.

Coöperation Comes to Harlan County

"THE rural industrial communities are among the most needy and spiritually neglected in all the varied home mission areas of our country," writes Mark A. Dawber, secretary of the Home Missions Council.

Such an area is Harlan County, Kentucky. Its population centers in a series of mining towns tucked away between the mountains in narrow valleys. Both the configuration of the earth and the traditions of the people are congenial to violence. Harlan County has repeatedly made the headlines as the seat of labor strife. It has been the scene of at least one impromptu war. Although distrust and hatred are still present, comparative peace has prevailed in recent months.

Evarts is known as a "free town" because it is not company owned. Here the American Missionary Association maintained the Black River Academy until it was superseded by a public high school. For forty-five years our little home mission church has sought to serve the community.

After two years of discussion a Larger Parish has been established whose nucleus is the Methodist Church at Black Mountain, where W. L. Young has ministered for fifteen years and our church at Evarts, which Eugene H. Rainey has served for a year. It is expected that other groups and places will have a part in the program which will be sponsored jointly by the Methodists and our own Board of Home Missions.

[*Continued on page 130*]

On western farms the buildings tend to scatter out

A Nebraska rural mail carrier reports 27 abandoned farms on his route of 54 miles. As land is handled in larger units the population decreases

Curious sky lines abound in the West

They Toil That We May Eat

Producing food is the major function of the West in our national economy. For the most part the industrialized section of the nation ends at the Mississippi River. Mining is confined to a few localities. Wheat and corn, beef and pork, the beets from which sugar is made—such are the economic backbone of the states between Chicago and the Rocky Mountains.

Much of this region is still home missionary territory. The failure of the extravagant hopes of the pioneers, the plowing of land which should have been kept for grazing, recurrent droughts, and multiplying dust storms have made life hard for these people. Through the home missionary a message of courage is being brought to the oft-defeated, while Christian idealism is being carried to a host of young people of the "unwanted generation."

This lanky Nebraska boy has just "taken over" the farm on which he stands

High above an irrigated valley toils this C.C.C. boy

During the days of the annual "sugar beet campaign" Mexican families live in these "company shacks"

The thud of corn being thrown into a wagon is one of the cheerful sounds of the West

These sheep are being fattened before they journey eastward to somebody's dinner table

A pile of sugar beets wait to be transformed into sugar

My Church

By Mrs. T. Arthur Dungan

(*If possible, have a picture of your church before the audience.*)

Hymn: I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Prayer:

"Thy Kingdom, Lord, we long for,
Where love shall find its own;
And brotherhood triumphant
Our years of pride disown."

(Vida Scudder)

Scripture: Psalm 84 (*or solo*—"How Lovely are Thy Dwellings," Liddle).

There are few of us worshiping here today who have not loved the words of this Psalm since childhood. We grew up in Christian homes, our parents were lovers of the church. What a heritage we have received, and what a debt we owe to those not so blessed!

But we feel we are living in dark days. We fear the world has no use for the church, and we see far too many weaknesses in the church itself. We are almost afraid that God himself is helpless in the situation. In times long past, yes, he led his people, and we are confident that he can take care of the future world, but what of today? Does he have an answer for us now? We listen to James Russell Lowell:

"God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And findest not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the Mountain and the Voice no less,
Which who so seeks shall find; but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither heeds its thundered lore."

Our problems, so new to us, blind us. We are so intent on "mortal ends" that while God yet speaks, we hear him not, and question his power. We live down in the smoke and haze; we should move into God's sunlight. Newell Dwight Hillis tells of a Dutch scientist who took some of the humblest insects from the damp, foggy atmosphere of Holland and for five years gave them the food, warmth and sunshine of South America. What happened? They doubled their size; dim subdued tints became gay and brilliant; crawling things spread their wings and flew. He began with potato bugs; he ended with brilliant creatures that lived on nectar of flowers. "More marvelous still," says Dr. Hillis, "the way the soul can grow. . . . Suppose you take down your tent, and move into the tropic realm of love and faith and hope. Open the soul's wings to the light, the sun and dew of God's spirit."

So we can have courage to move out of our dark valley and enter God's tropic realm. How can we fear with our Christ before us?

"He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth."

(Giles Fletcher)

But to bring the world to Christ we cannot stay apart, selfishly enjoying this great treasure. We must follow our leader among "the poorest, the lowliest and the lost." Rabindranath Tagore says it this way:

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!
Whom dost thou worship in this dark corner of a temple with doors all shut?
Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!
He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking the hard stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle even like him and come down on the dusty soil."

Yes, to complete our worship we must serve with him. And if we stay with him, serving and worshiping, we will find we simply cannot stay outside the church. One has said: "I love it (the church) and believe in it still because it is the chief dwelling place on earth of my Master and my Savior. Some say that the spirit of Christ is about to desert the churches and take up its dwelling place elsewhere. Very well, when it does I shall follow the Christ out of the church and stay with the Christ, if I can, wherever he sets up his abode. But up to now I don't see any other place that he has made clearly and definitely his residence. He visits other places, welfare organizations, mercy hospitals, university settlements, peace temple tribunals; but he only visits them. When I find that he settles down to live exclusively in any one of these caravansaries I shall go and register in the same establishment and try to live there. Up to the present moment, however, I find him living in the church more than anywhere else; and I am so unalterably attached to him, so pin my faith and hope upon him, that I shall stay in the church until it falls."

With Longfellow we sing:

"One holy church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing years.

"O living church! Thine errand speed,
Fulfil Thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hungry feed,
Redeem the evil time!"

Prayer: for Christ's church.

Hymn: "The Church's One Foundation."

An Hawaiian Princess

A Story Sermon for Boys and Girls

By Augustine Jones

"THE loveliest fleet of islands anchored in any sea," Mark Twain, the famous humorist, once termed the Hawaiian group. Out in the middle of the Pacific they lie, just within the tropics, and here for long months he lived and rode and sailed and swam, and all the rest of his life was homesick for their beauty.

My own home was there for four years, upon the island of Maui with the vast crater of Haleakala, "the house of the sun," rising ten thousand feet above. From that airy top I used to look away to the south across the open sea to the largest island of all, Hawaii, and behold her lofty peaks of Mauna Loa, "the broad mountain," and Mauna Kea, "the snowy mountain," each nearly fourteen thousand feet high. On the sides of Mauna Loa, four thousand feet above the wide seas and the coral beach is Kilauea, frothing and roaring and spattering its boiling lava about, the largest volcano in the world.

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Here more than a hundred years ago occurred one of the bravest acts of which I have ever heard.

Missionaries of the American Board had made the long slow journey from Salem and Boston, taking six months to circle Cape Horn and bring the gospel to the brown savages in that far Pacific sea.

The high chieftain Kapiolani ruled in her own right a large portion of southern Hawaii where the volcano was. But she was not a pleasant person, and was much addicted to the use of liquor. When the gospel touched her heart, all was changed and she gave up her intemperate habits. Kind and compassionate she became, lovable and gentle, entering the grass huts of the poor and supplying their needs with food and mats of tapa, the paper cloth beaten out from the inner bark of the trees.

In her determination to root out idolatry she went to the sacred temple of Keave and carried away the gross stone idols, hiding them in inaccessible rocky caves at the head of the bay.

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But the greatest of all her acts was her defying of Pele, the terrible demon goddess of the fire who dwelt in the roaring, seething, splashing pit of lava. The great Captain Cook had been slain some years previously near her home on the western side of the island at Kealakekua—"the stairway of the gods"—and from that place she determined to journey over to the port of Hilo a hundred and fifty miles away, going up by the grim volcano on her way, and there to challenge the goddess to do her worst.

Dismay gripped the hearts of her people and they pled with her to give up so dire an exploit. Her husband Naihe, the great orator, sought to dissuade her. But she refused to be diverted; she would put all to the great test.

Word of her purpose ran over the island. Thousands waited in dread and terror the great ordeal. Of her own people, eighty determined to make the long journey up among the lava beds with her if she still persisted, and so they set out.

At the new mission station of Hilo, Mr. Ruggles would have ascended the mountain to the fiery pit thirty miles away, but for six months he had been without shoes. Mr. Goodrich went instead, and spent a quiet Sabbath with Kapiolani's people who had gone ahead to prepare for her a hut at the rim.

On Tuesday she arrived, full of gratitude for the support Goodrich was rendering her in the great ordeal. Her first request was that he select a hymn and lead in prayer.

In the morning she gathered the sacred *ohelo* berries, tabu for any woman to touch, eating freely of them and flinging the rest away before her terrified followers.

Then in company with her loyal train and attended by Mr. Goodrich she began the descent into the crater, down and down five hundred feet over the steep sides and out to the fiery pit in the center.

As she approached she was confronted by the priestess of Pele, the wild witch warning her not to go near the boiling lake nor break any more tabus.

"Who are you?" demanded Kapiolani.

"One in whom the goddess dwells," replied the priestess.

But as the intrepid princess quoted passages from Scripture setting forth the character and power of the True God, the priestess fell silent and hung her head, mournfully confessing that *ke akua*, the deity, had deserted her.

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And now at the rim of the great cauldron stood Kapiolani, the deafening roar below her, the boiling lava like a geyser shooting upward and flinging itself around, the strangling smoke blowing its hot breath into their faces. Some stones at her feet she picked up and in the sight of all the company flung them down into the heaving flood below. Again she paused, and lifting her voice above the roar of the splashing rock said to all:—

"Jehovah is God; he kindled the fires, not Pele. I do not fear her.

[*Continued on page 129*]

Camera News

By Dorothy P. Cushing

"ONE LOOK IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS"

say the Chinese. Here we prove it by letting the camera tell most of the story illustrating why Christian doctors and nurses go to distant lands to serve.

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Upper left—Patechy, for six years on her back with a tubercular spine. She kept up her regular school lessons, even sewing and singing. The Bible woman visited with her daily. Behind her stands an Indian nurse.

Upper right—And NOW—here is Patechy, standing for the first time supported by Nurse Olive L. Nelson and an Indian nurse. Miss Nelson trained in the Deaconess Hospital and did public health work with the Grenfell Association in Labrador before going to India.

Lower left—Before and after. Mrs. Edward L. Nolting, R.N., holding one of the small, pitiful patients, named Jothi. Mrs. Nolting trained in the Columbia Hospital Training School. Her husband, Rev. E. L. Nolting, is at American College, Madura.

Lower right—Jothi six months later! Is there any need for further comment?

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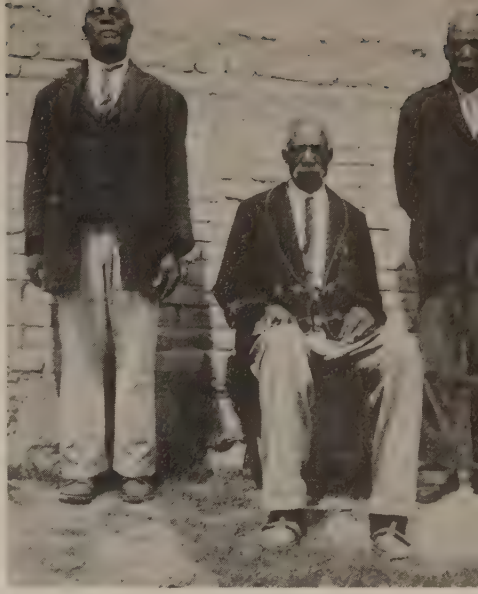
All of these pictures were taken at the American Hospital for Women and Children, Madura, India, of which Dr. I. Mary Roberts is the head. An interview-article about her will appear in our April issue.

There is a great need for more village work through the establishment of clinics where trained Indian doctors and nurses would be in charge. Last year this hospital had 3881 in-patients and gave 67,200 dispensary treatments.

FULL OF YEARS—AND GRACE

Right—Three faithful members of the Bailundo church, West Africa, who have just celebrated 50 years of unbroken church record. In Africa they take their church seriously. Any infringement of the moral code, wrangling, cheating, is punished by dismissal from church membership. "Failure to support the church" took many off the lists last year in South Africa! These men met the founders of the West Africa mission back in 1881.



MEMORIAL BUILDING

Left—The Head Prefect of the Lewis Bookwalter House, Uduvil Girls School, Ceylon, a new building dedicated to the father of Miss Lulu G. Bookwalter, principal of the school.

FIFTY-MILE HIKE of girls to Means School, Dondi, West Africa. Lunches of cooked mush and bananas are in the "head suitcases." They come so far they have to spend one night at an out-station. Young boy carriers have gone on with their luggage. There are now over 600 students in the school.

FRIENDLY TO MISSIONARIES

Left—Said Chief Musikavanthus to his people of Chikore District, S. Rhodesia: "The missionaries and I are working together now. Send your children to school. Go yourself to their meetings. They are teaching us good things, things worth knowing."

FIGURE THIS ONE OUT

Right—Nurse Gertrude Merrill of Chikore, S. Africa, says Patrick Tengiwe Hlatshwayo, here pictured, has two pairs of twins, and two half pairs, the oldest boy only being born singly. Patrick has been an out-station school teacher for years in Chibuwe.

Americans in China*

By George E. Sokolsky

THERE seems to be an utter confusion in the minds of most Americans concerning the presence of Americans in China. There seems to be a sentiment: "What are they doing there, anyhow?"

When the average American discovered that we had such a thing as an Asiatic fleet, a Yangtse patrol, marines in Peking and Shanghai and the 15th Infantry in Tientsin he seemed to be surprised. Some even suggested bringing them all home, which, in my opinion, would at the present time be a very stupid thing to do.

Americans are in China for many reasons. Some go there to trade. China takes a goodly part of the American tobacco crop in the form of cigarettes. China buys American cotton and automobiles and all sorts of commodities. China also buys oil. But when it is suggested that our ships and troops are in China "to protect the Standard Oil Company," which some say these days, it is altogether nonsense. Few Americans in China are employed by the Standard Oil Company, or any one company. And the fleet is there to safeguard all Americans, even more than their property.

Other Americans come to China to buy there. Furs, wool for carpets, hides, skins and lots of other commodities are purchased in China by Americans, and it has been found advantageous to send buyers to China rather than to have Chinese salesmen come here. These American buyers go all over the country seeking their products.

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But the most significant job done by Americans in China is neither the buying nor the selling of goods. It is so great a work that it is altogether misunderstood by small minds and even smaller hearts. That is the tremendously important and valuable service of the American missionary.

These men and women have gone to town and village, bringing with them not only the many varieties of Christianity, but a new cultural pattern; in my opinion, a nobler cultural pattern than the Chinese retained amid the disintegration of China's indigenous social and intellectual establishments during the last century.

Take, as an example, St. John's University in Shanghai, or the Shanghai College (which used to be the Shanghai Baptist College) or Lingnan University (which used to be called the Canton Christian College), or Yenching in Peking or Soochow University, or Yale-in-China—these and many more have kept the light of modern learning aflame in China during the dark days of civil war and revolution and change of government.

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And these missionaries brought medicine and hospital and nursing and child welfare to China. They brought a new conception of social relationships—not man-for-his-family, but man-for-society—a broadening of viewpoint.

They planted the seeds of a social revolution, which, if it did not quickly make China strong, at any rate produced in China a forward-looking, progressive, non-opium-smoking monogamous leadership.

Chiang Kai-shek and the Soongs are Christians. In fact, the Soong family is particularly notable for its Christian affiliations, for on the mother's side they trace themselves back to a famous figure at the end of the Ming dynasty who came under the influence of Ricci and whose daughter, Candida, was the first nun in China, while Charles Soong, the father, actually came to China from the United States to teach English and the Bible.

The present Chinese Ambassador to the United States, Dr. C. T. Wang, was the first Chinese secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in China, while Dr. H. H. Kung, who was in this country recently and is now Premier of whatever remains of government in China, was secretary of the Chinese Y.M.C.A. in Japan at one time.

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It is impossible to overemphasize the great value to China of the American missionary, of the American school and hospital situated in that country. And it is something to note in these days of collectivist materialism that there has been no return to the United States for this service. It has cost us more, over a century, than we ever earned out of our trade with China. It was the contribution of a well-off people to those who needed our help and assistance.

And it is to be noted here that, in a measure, we did as well by Japan. It is true that the Japanese, sooner than the Chinese, were ready to take over many schools and hospitals which American good will had established in their country. But for years our missionaries labored there, as in China—not forcing anything down unwilling throats, but offering help and service to those who were willing and eager to receive.

I have known the American missionary in China well. He has been my friend. I have lived at his house. He has dined at my table. I know of no human beings who are more self-sacrificing, more loyal to the people among whom they live, more generous and less materially rewarded for an arduous life than most American missionaries. No matter what happens to China, most of them will remain at their posts

*By courtesy of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

valiantly laboring for the simple people who love them.

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Now let us proceed to the American naval vessels in China. The right of foreign warships to be on China's inland waters and to visit China's ports derives from the Sino-British treaty of 1858. In 1903 the American right was fully established by the most favored-nation clause after the American gunboat Villalobos visited certain places on the upper Yangtse.

China has suffered from catastrophic rebellions for nearly a century. Beginning with the Taiping Rebellion and coming down to the current war with Japan, foreigners in China have been imperiled by those who were destroying China. The foreign gunboats on the Yangtse and other rivers of China have kept, as a rule, those arteries of trade and intercourse open.

And I think that, when viewed without prejudice, in long perspective, these gunboats have been of service not only to the foreigners but to the Chinese themselves, because were it not for their presence conditions in China might have been infinitely worse.

The American gunboats have never been used to seize Chinese territory or to interfere with China's conduct of her own affairs. But they have helped to protect Americans who by right live in that country, whenever the Chinese government has been unable to afford adequate safety to life and property. They saved China, during this period of feudal and civil wars, from being embroiled in incidents which would have resulted in the partition of China.

The American troops are there as a result of the Boxer Rebellion and the Communist uprising (1925-1937). Marines guard our embassy in Peking; the 15th Infantry keeps open the road from Peking to the sea; two regiments of marines are now stationed at Shanghai to safeguard American lives. These troops have never damaged China. Their presence in Shanghai has helped to save that city from being looted and its inhabitants killed during at least four occasions, to my personal knowledge.

I would not remove an American boat or an American soldier from China today. I hate to think of the prospect of war between the United States and Japan. I have always been fair, even friendly, to Japan. I know and sympathize with Japan's problems. But I say, from twenty years of intimate experience with the situation over there, that it would be the cruelest act in the world for us to back down now.

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The Japanese people are passing through a fearful struggle—an internal struggle that is not so dramatic as the war in China but that is equally significant. The entire nation is split into two broad camps, namely, those who believe in democratic-capitalism and those who believe in Fascistic-collectivism. The former might be termed liberals, the latter militarists, but these words do not really describe them. Even the army and navy are split up as I have indicated.

If we withdrew our naval vessels and our troops it would be misunderstood in Japan. They would believe us to be a nation of cowards. The Fascistic-collectivists would accept it as a sign that we favor their going ahead not only on a program for permanent conquest in China, but God knows what else. Every democratic vestige in Japan would be wiped out. Democracy and cowardice would become synonymous. The United States and cowardice would become identical.

Even in these days of sheer materialism there must be a sense of right among those peoples who have not become poisoned by the collectivist virus. And there is nothing of right in such a betrayal of China, of the liberal spirit in Japan and of ourselves. I am sure that those who advocate our withdrawal from China do not understand what it would mean. They cannot know what a holocaust it would produce in both China and Japan.

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And that leads to a consideration of that curious development of pacifism in this country, the Ludlow resolution. No one wants a war in this country. To me a war between the United States and Japan is unthinkable. But how can any government conduct any affairs with a foreign power if it has to submit the question of war to a national referendum?

No European or Oriental people would take anything our State Department or our President said seriously after that became part of the American conduct of its international relations. They would laugh at us—and we should be helpless. They might even kill some of our citizens and we should be unable to move. The kindest international policy is one that is based upon justice and strength.

President Roosevelt's policy since the sinking of the *Panay* has been sound from the standpoint of the Orient. It has not only preserved our dignity as a people, but it is assisting reasonable men to reassert themselves in Japan.

Where a Retreat Is a Forward March

By O. R. Warford

"How in the world are you going to get students interested in the church!"—The Rev. Mr. College Pastor speaking. The visiting expert on churches, students, etc., always has a sleeveful of suggestions.

"Have you read what they are doing at Michigan? Jim Peppyboy has them eating out of his hand! There's a good article in the *Intercollegian* on forums. What are you going to do about a student strike? We have a lot of material on that. What is being done about facing the whole question of war, economics, social security, etc., on your campus."

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His Reverence spends the next hour explaining that not every student of his denomination is an ardent worker in the church (for that matter, a large number of those expressing "Congregational Preference" kept that fact carefully concealed at home); he explains that a large percentage of the students who were president of everything at home are tired enough to rest, and he doesn't see them at all, if they can help it.

He dissertates upon the competition with a horde of fraternities, honor societies, societies for majors in each department, public exercises sponsored by the school, the exasperating indifference and the pathetic narrowness of the academic mind in general, athletics (more properly classified as entertainment).

Mud Creek Ranger Station, forty miles from Missoula, Montana

What we used to have thrown at us in graduate school we now exact, with vengeance, of the undergrad. From this beginning the assortment of checkmates to his work grows until the VE (visiting expert), wondering what else he can do to be helpful, suggests something else that Mr. CP (college pastor) should read.

Now it so happens that his Reverence also teaches in the university, trying to give students the latest dope in a half dozen fields, for which his seminary had fifteen able and world-renowned scholars.

He compares his teaching and scholarship with theirs and decides that comparatively they were mostly a bunch of loafers, and that they had no excuse for being anything else but experts in their closely circumscribed fields.

A further complication is the fact that this gentleman is also pastor of a local church, and that his congregation shared him with the campus during times of depression, to "keep things going," and that he is still loaded with the responsibility because the cash for relief is not forthcoming.

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Why doesn't he spend his summers among the churches of the state in promotional work? The reasons are two, and very simple: The people in the churches are not in the churches, but are out among the plentiful mountain streams, fishing and enjoying nature and the short season of sunshine; and the second reason is that he must have some time to read that book that was "indispensable" two years ago!

Also his physician drops a remark about candles, and methods of burning them—something suggestive of Millay.

His Reverence is an outdoor man. He can usually miss a tree on skis without running one on each side thereof. He has been accused of riding the ranges with cattlemen some time back in history, and some people very generously say complimentary things about his camera studies of wild life.

Pastor "Jack" Warford—in checked shirt, holding camera—poses with his troupe at Retreat, on the porch of the Mud Creek Ranger hut

He reflects sadly upon all the good advice given by VE. He remembers that religion, and even the noblest words concerning religion seem to antedate the church—"When I consider thy heavens. . . . They that go down to the sea in ships. . . . I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills. . . . By the rivers of Babylon. . . . As the hart panteth. . . . Consider the lilies. . . . The Lord is my shepherd (He likes that even if his background is cattle, and he has some difficulty generating a passionate affection for sheep). . . . Can'st thou loose the bands of Orion. . . . Before the mountains were brought forth. . . even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God!"

THE RETREAT

In the name of a Carpenter who loved the soil, why not give these students some of *that*, first hand! There are five days between winter and spring quarters at the "U". So about twenty enthusiastic people load their skis and other paraphernalia into such cars or trucks as are available and out to some ranger cabin they go.

For a number of years there have been retreats: before school begins in the fall, between winter and spring quarters, after school closes in June. But the two summer ones have smaller groups because many of the students have to work in the summer, so the March retreat is the big event of the year.

As soon as everyone is back from Christmas vacation, plans begin for spring retreat. Where to go? "Jack" (that's the parson; he doesn't stand for any titles) can arrange that. His work in conservation of resources is sufficiently known and appreciated by the Forest Service that they are eager to coöperate in every possible way.

Who's going? Well who *can* go? What will the cost be? Work out all menus in detail, find out what it will cost, and then you will know. Transportation is a small item.

Not so bad where the snow is three feet deep!

Eventually the day arrives—and the gang arrives, all intact. Usually there is a flat tire, or someone gets stuck in the mud on the forest roads, or the groceryman forgot to put in the butter (we can always blame him since he isn't present). Anyway the whole gang is assigned to duties in rotation. Imagine that—any three boys and girls can cook a meal for twenty people and do an expert job of it!

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In recreation—well, we don't take fool chances. We realize that it is quite a responsibility for the CP, and it wouldn't be good sportsmanship for us to cause unnecessary concern for our safety, and besides that the older students have had enough training in woodsmanship in past retreats to know how to take care of themselves in any reasonable emergency.

The result: in five years only one casualty, and that one came out all right. The CP is proud of his "kids" and trusts them. He has never once had any problem of discipline or "chaperoning" whether the expedition lasted an afternoon (as hikes in the fall do) or a week (as some of the others have).

On one occasion to get to the place they wanted to visit, they cleared out ten miles of the winter's

[*Continued on page 127*]

Mr. Warford's camera has caught some ladies of the Gay Nineties before they melted from view

Where the White Man Came Late

FROM a forbidden land given over to the undisputed sway of the red ants and the Indians to a commonwealth of 2,396,000 people is the record which Oklahoma has achieved since 1889. It is the closest to the frontier of any populous section of our country. Many of the original "sooners" still survive.

Because of the comparative newness of its institutions one has a chance to see how society is put together. It combines the atmosphere of the West with the flavor of the South.

Waynoka is a town of slightly less than 2000 people in the northwestern portion of the state which was settled shortly after the opening of "the Strip" in 1893. Early in 1894 a Sunday School was organized by a Congregational home missionary, which gave rise to the first church to be established in the community.

It met at first in the postmaster's humble home and later in a small schoolhouse. In 1900 a building was constructed, which was superseded in 1926 by a modern structure made possible by the Church Building Society. Meanwhile various denominations had withdrawn to establish churches of their own.

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In 1934 Edward S. Treat, who had just completed his first year in Union Theological Seminary, went to Waynoka in Student Summer Service. This experience led him to accept the call of the church to become its pastor upon the completion of his course in 1936.

He faced a depressing situation. Legal notices of foreclosure proceedings were—and still are—altogether too conspicuous for comfort. Continued crop failures, drouth, and business reverses had brought both the community and the church to a low ebb.

Oklahoma is very much in the "revival belt." Because of the emphasis upon an emotional type of religion a large proportion of the population is untouched by any church. The need is to apply religion to everyday life.

In our church Mr. Treat set the goal of financial self-support, payment of its debt, and needed repairs. In place of the old system of church support through volunteer labor and payments to the pastor in produce a modern Every Member Canvass has been introduced.

A small men's Bible class in which the points of view of the farmer, the labor union member and the small capitalist are all represented has discussed current economic questions in the light of the Christian tradition. The result has been a better understanding of conflicting viewpoints.

A Pilgrim Fellowship group of young people have participated in the conduct of the services of the church, have served in the choir and have sent four of their number to the Craterville Park summer conference. They organized a community box supper as a local equivalent for the President's Ball.

Although they have been able to accomplish little in bettering relations with the two minorities in the community, the Mexicans and the Syrians, they have discussed the matter of race equality and have faced the fact that Negroes are not allowed to remain over night in Waynoka. Mr. Treat has served as dean of the Oklahoma young people's conference.

Our home missionary pastor at Waynoka has organized a Civic

In Oklahoma They Have Cowboy Parades

Club which includes many of the younger men of the town. This has become a clearing-house for community betterment. It has aided several under-privileged children to attend school. It has helped to establish a Scout troop serving all the boys of the place.

For two years the club has made it possible for Mr. Treat to play Santa Claus with baskets for the poor who attend no church. Through the club he has had an approach to a small group of Syrian merchants who have been set apart as something of a despised class.

The preaching of a religion which expresses itself in everyday living has caught the interest of a few who were outside the church. A man of good habits came to town to operate the local pool hall, which he promptly cleaned up. In the past he had felt himself to be the object of censure on the part of the churches. Preaching which has pictured wholesome recreation as a normal aspect of religious living has made him a church attendant and has encouraged him in his endeavor to run his business on a high plane.

Our Pastor at Waynoka Makes a Pastoral Call

The cause of peace has been furthered by publicizing the broadcasts of the national peace organizations and by educating groups outside of the church for peace. A union service was promoted at which a Church of God minister condemned war and pleaded for peace. Magazines sent from the Broadway Tabernacle of New York City have helped to make possible a community library.

Because Oklahoma is such a young country there is much to be done. Our home missionary at Waynoka is undertaking to do his part.

Where a Retreat is a Forward March [*Continued from page 125*]

supply of windfallen trees, and arriving at the end of the road, they took the trail with the boys carrying 80 to 100 pound packs for eight miles. The girls also carried their share.

When they arrived back at the headquarters of the ranger district, the ranger invited them to go camping about thirty miles in the opposite direction, because he hadn't had time to get that road cleared out! He said that instead of using hatchets and a scout-size ax on trees, and pie tins on the larger snowdrifts, he would even furnish saws and shovels!

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And what do they do when they get there? Several things. For one thing they rest from the strenuous months of school. They plan their program for the next quarter, and there is no problem of finding speakers because the "speakers" help plan each other's programs. But that takes very little of the time. Most of the balance is spent out of doors.

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There is a technique of outdoor life. This minister has never "taken advantage" of his opportunities to point out the activity of the good God in making these things. He flatly refuses to introduce the subject of religion. Unless someone else brings it up, he is silent.

But when a few people hike over into the next drainage, he wants to know what they saw. What kinds of tracks? Did the elk and deer browse too closely this winter? Any dead animals? Any feathers indicating the fate of a grouse? What kinds of trees, and consequently, what timber zone are we in? Did you see any birds? What kind? Do they winter here? What about the geology of this region?

"Batholiths" and "glacial cirques" and "roches moutoniers" are familiar terms. These students learn how to see things. A flick of an ear, the snap of a twig, a nipped weed, a single track, all tell a story to the trained eye and ear.

Sunday morning the parson has to get back to town (if it isn't more than a hundred miles) and while he is gone, the "gang" holds a religious service without benefit of clergy, hymnbooks, or (sometimes) Bibles.

AND AFTERWARDS

Next Sunday evening in the church a student is speaking: ". . . and we all know how it feels up there in the woods when we have our religious service. We don't talk much about it at other times, but God is all around us. It is too much for mere words. I dare say that was the most impressive service

any of us have ever attended—unless it was the one last year. . . ." O yes, last year—they were up on the shore of a magnificent lake.

The CP sits back in a chair and smiles. Here are his "kids" talking intimately about the most profound things in life. Moreover they like their own sermons better than his —thank God! He knew all along that the thrill of discovery doubles in value the pearl of great price.

Ministering to the "Last Cow Town of the West"

By Walter A. Smith

MEDORA is in the North Dakota Badlands, so named by the Indians because the broken country interfered with their hunting. U. S. highway No. 10 runs through this region and many tourists stop on their way to Yellowstone or Glacier Park to see Wind Cave and the two petrified forests.

The lignite coal in the hills burned before the days of the white man and turned the clay on the tops of the hills to a bright red. Oftentimes this scoria is used to cover the roads in place of gravel. The red of the scoria, the green of the evergreen trees, and the purple of the rocks combine to form a most beautiful picture.

One tourist asked a member of the CCC Camp if the CCC boys had dug the canyon and he replied, "Yes, and we painted it also!"

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Medora has a glorious history. In the late 70's and early 80's a settlement grew upon the west side of the Little Missouri river to serve the needs of the ranchers.

In 1882 the Marquis DeMores, a French nobleman of twenty-five years, a graduate of the French Military School of Saint Cyr, set up his tent in Medora. The Marquis built a packing-plant on the east side of the river in 1883, the same year that the Northern Pacific Railroad was built.

The new settlement grew to a population of five hundred. To it the Marquis gave the name "Medora" in honor of his wife, Medora DeMores, the daughter of a rich New York banker named Van Hoffman who was financing the Marquis' business.

On the west side of the river, but overlooking the new town, the Marquis built a Chateau, consisting of twenty-eight rooms, plastered throughout. He also bought 12,000 acres of land. For three years he operated the packing-plant and lived in the Chateau. He believed that a packing-plant should succeed if it was located near the source of the raw material.

However, the big packers united against him and his business failed. It is said that the cowboys helped to ruin him by driving their cows into the counting-shutes and then around the country and back into the counting-shutes, thus getting paid for them twice, but there is no reliable evidence to this effect.

The Marquis returned to France and shortly afterward died in a military expedition in Africa. His sons have erected a monument in Medora in honor of their father and mother.

On a cold September night in the year 1883 Theodore Roosevelt got off the train at Medora. He was sick and spent. Joe Ferris of the Chimney Butte Ranch met him and the next day took him on a buffalo hunt in which he proved his grit and pluck. During the next two years he regained his strength and vigor. Unlike the aristocratic Marquis DeMores, Roosevelt was democratic and became popular in the Badlands.

Tom Mix, the children's movie hero, began his career as a cowboy on the nearby Short Ranch and was married in Medora.

Medora maintains the traditions

Women's Meeting at Medora, North Dakota

Out with the Boys on the Edge of the Bad Lands

of the old West. The Rough Riders Hotel which was frequented by Theodore Roosevelt and the other famous characters of the region, still looks much the same. Most of the buildings of the town are low frame structures. The rural people still live in the old ranch houses with wide verandas, the bunk houses and corrals nearby.

Today Medora is suffering from the effects of drought. The land is best adapted to grazing, which was profitable until drought struck the country. In 1934 many of the people sold most of their cattle because they had no feed to winter them. In 1936 they shipped the balance of their herds, only retaining one or two for milking purposes.

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Last year the prairies were burned so badly that many places are as bare as a floor; it will take many years for them to make a comeback. This year most of the ranchers have nothing to sell because they must build up their herds again as much as possible.

It is tragic to see people who have hung on year after year believing the next year would be better finally forced to leave. There are some exceptions where they have been able to retain good herds of beef cattle.

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Medora is underprivileged religiously. It is a part of the Beach Parish, which includes Beach and Sentinel Butte. Neither of the two churches in the community, Catholic and Congregational, have or have ever had resident pastors. The Catholic Church has mass once a month in a church building donated by the Marquis DeMores. The Congregational Church holds services every Sunday evening, but it owns no building and must worship in the schoolhouse.

I have been pastor of this parish since November, 1936. Medora is the point of greatest need and greatest opportunity, and therefore I have made an effort to give it much of my time. The attendance has been good, especially during the winter months. The Sunday School has increased its enrollment to thirty-eight. A very successful vacation church school was held last summer. Two girls attended the young people's camp at Lake Metigoshe. I am distributing religious literature on my calls and send out a monthly bulletin.

We are laboring under two big handicaps. Medora is twenty-five miles from the pastor's home. This makes it difficult to minister effectively to the people of the town and the surrounding country.

But the greatest difficulty is the lack of a church building. Services are held in the Intermediate room of the school, and the seats are not made for adults. It is our hope that we may be able to build a church edifice. We have a fund of sixty-two dollars collected many years ago when a building was projected, of which Theodore Roosevelt gave twenty-five.

An Hawaiian Princess [*Continued from page 119*]

If she slay me in her anger, then you may fear her, but if Jehovah preserve me when breaking her *tabus*, then you must fear and serve him alone."

Not a soul in all that band seemed to breathe. The suspense was dreadful. Would the fiery lava rise and overwhelm her? They felt it might. But it thundered and splashed, roared and vomited smoke while the intrepid princess waited.

At last she turned to her followers and bade them join with her in a hymn of praise to God, after which she knelt in prayer to the Creator of the universe.

Elijah on Mt. Carmel defied the priests of the cruel and unclean Baal; Boniface in Germany cut down the sacred oak of Thor—splendid acts of moral courage, both; but neither of these two brave souls had been under the sway of the gods they were challenging. To them they were but names, nothings, while for Kapiolani the dark menace of Pele had brooded over her people back through forgotten centuries, and even four years previous she had not heard of the God whom she was now declaring.

Here indeed was an act of the finest heroism, an act so courageous that Carlyle in his *Life and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* pays Kapiolani a glowing tribute as one of the intrepid women of the race.

Home Missions Councils Meet

THE annual meeting of the Home Missions Council and the Council of Women for Home Missions was held in New York City from January 9 to 12. As usual, it was not a showy affair.

The emphasis in these bodies falls on the work of the committees rather than on the eloquence of the speakers. Their greatest service lies in the intimate fellowship which they promote between the men and women who carry the baffling responsibilities placed upon our home mission boards.

This year there were only two "high-light" occasions.

The first was when Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia addressed the councils for an hour, and then answered questions. The news-reels have made the squat and swarthy figure of the mayor familiar.

He spoke in a rather high and thin voice, and his manner was almost timid. One could not but feel the sincerity of his concern for the children and the poor, while his wit was always refreshing, as when he said "Not all the children of New York are little chubby cherubs."

Staggering was the picture which the mayor presented of a city government which employs 140,000 people and spends two million dollars a day. School children to the number of 1,300,000 are taught by 36,000 teachers, while 19,000 police keep order and attend to the chores of the city.

Each month $10,000,000 is spent by the city on relief. In four years the mayor reported that 250 playgrounds had been opened and 2,000 tenement houses torn down.

In addition to praying for the mayor, Mr. LaGuardia thought that the churches could help in his task by providing community activities and making themselves interesting to young people.

He expressed the opinion that the migration of Negroes from the South to Harlem had created the city's most difficult problem. His only hope was that the improvement of conditions for the Negro elsewhere might relieve the pressure on the housing facilities and other services of New York.

He reported that in New York City the annual consumption of liquor was declining, that there were fewer places selling it, and that the number of cases brought before the Family Court because of drinking was growing less. He said "Whiskey never did anybody any good anywhere."

The second "occasion" of the meeting was the dinner commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of the Councils. Mrs. Millard F. Robinson, retiring president of the Council of Women for Home Missions, spoke of the past of the women's organization, several of whose pioneers were still active.

Charles E. Schaeffer of the Evangelical and Reformed was reported to be the only male survivor of the organizers of the Home Missions Council. He gave a glowing account of how it had grown from an informal group into a responsible and representative agency of the churches.

Robert W. Searle of the New York City Federation of Churches told the story of the spiritual needs of New York in stirring terms.

Elbert Moore Conover of the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture reported that if the churches of the United States were to seek to bring their buildings up to the same standard of efficiency as the public schools it would take $100,000,000 for fifty years.

Mrs. Augustus Trowbridge of the Protestant Episcopal Church was elected the new president of the Council of Women for Home Missions.

Edward D. Kohlstedt, secretary of the Methodist board, was re-elected president of the Home Missions Council. Leonard M. Outerbridge was named as chairman of the joint committee of the two councils on Promotion and Publicity.

Plans for a series of conferences on home missions to be held in a number of cities next fall were discussed and approved.

Coöperation Comes to Harlan County [*Continued from page 115*]

In the fall a two-day Institute on Coöperation was held at Evarts to consider ways in which the cause of spiritual fellowship and social progress could be furthered.

Among those participating in the discussion were the ministers and leaders of the local churches and representatives of the Red Cross, the Save the Children Fund, the Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts, the public schools and—most significant of all—both the mine management and the miners' unions.

Among the leaders were Superintendent F. P. Ensminger of our churches, District Superintendent S. C. Rice of the Methodist Church, Mark A. Dawber of the Home Missions Council, and Alva Taylor of Vanderbilt University.

Beauty Breeds Beauty

Church, Parsonage and community buildings at North Miami, Florida

WHEN "somebody cares" even the smallest church can be made beautiful.

In the twenty-five years of its existence our church at North Miami, Florida, has gone by three names—Arch Creek, Miami Shores and North Miami—and has become the owner of four buildings—church, parsonage, and two structures used for social purposes. Its location at Northeast 125 St. and 13th Avenue betokens optimism on someone's part. The membership reported in the last Year Book is 63. None of these are wealthy.

The church had no architectural aspirations and was content to have an interior which was described as a "dull white" until one of the women of the church, Mrs. Kelefer, installed a stained glass window above the pulpit in memory of a son who had been drowned some years before. She soon discovered that the unattractiveness of the surroundings clashed with the beauty of the window and began to make some changes in the pulpit alcove.

Others took note of what was happening and expressed a desire to do something in memory of loved ones whom they had lost. Gifts have been made in memory of twenty-two persons, the most impressive being a copy of Raphael's Madonna and Child. As a result of this movement an ordinary church interior has been transformed into a beautiful place of worship. Each gift has been a free-will offering from a grateful heart. The significance has been in the meaning rather than the size.

Two years ago the church was badly wracked by a hurricane. When everything had been put to rights once more the people were deeply thankful that the shrine which they had been creating for themselves had escaped destruction.

The Barton Memorial

THE project of assuring the future of the American Hospital of Istanbul by finding for it $500,000 as Endowment and Building Fund, is now 90 per cent achieved. The Endowment of $300,000 has been obtained in full: and toward the $200,000 needed for site, building, and equipment, $150,000 is now assured. Fifty thousand dollars will finish this project: which is already self-sustaining in its operating costs, and will be still stronger when it gets an adequate building instead of its present unsuitable rented quarters.

The James L. Barton Memorial Fund has come to be a most essential part of the picture. In the December HERALD we reported the grant of $25,000 from indemnity funds toward a Barton Memorial, and invited additional contributions from Dr. Barton's wide circle of friends and associates in many good causes. To date, about $15,000 in funds and pledges have come in, making the Barton Fund total over $40,000. Ten thousand dollars more will bring the Barton Fund to the amount that will provide in his memory a major section of the proposed Hospital Building.

Gifts to the Barton Fund have come in from Vermont to California: all showing the wide range of his friendship, and that quality in him that makes people recall him with joy and honor. This being a non-recurring appeal, some churches and church groups have assigned something to this project in their 1938 plans. We shall continue to report further progress. The gifts or pledges for the Barton Fund may be sent to the Treasurer of the American Board, 14 Beacon St., Boston.

Boys and Girls of America

Living Alongside of a Church Is Lots of Fun

Growing Up in a Parsonage

MOTHER says that goldfish lead private lives compared with preachers! Not only do the people notice everything which we do, but they remember the exploits of all the boys and girls who have lived in the parsonage in the past.

The best story is about the minister whose boys got a pony and rode it up the front steps into the house and out through the kitchen. They were lucky! Dad thinks someone should put up a monument to their memory because they made such an impression on the town.

Of course the preacher's kids ought to wash their faces and shine their shoes a bit more than other people's children because you never know when someone important may come to call.

Sometimes a wedding happens when you aren't expecting it, and it does worry mother if we happen to be playing Indian or pirate at that time.

Sister thinks that the worst thing about being the minister's daughter is that you do not get any credit for being good. People think that we behave ourselves because we have to and not because we want to, and that going to affairs at the church is a matter of maintaining the family pride rather than of interest on our part. I can see why preachers' children might get wild just so as to show people that they have a little independence and originality.

But in many ways living alongside of the church is lots of fun. You can borrow everything from the Christmas tree lights to extra chairs for your Thanksgiving dinner, and a church is an excellent place to play hide-and-seek. Somehow the church seems to belong to you.

Another advantage of having the parsonage for your home is that you come to know so many people. Everybody in town has you spotted, but that gives you lots of friends. Father says that we would feel lost if we went to live in a city where everyone just looks at you in a glassy way and then hurries along about their business.

Then many interesting people stop at the parsonage for a day or two at a time—such as missionaries from strange places such as Africa or China.

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Living in a parsonage one must know how to meet all sorts of visitors. Sister is a genius at keeping a wedding couple in the parlor while I go out and hunt for dad. Mother thinks that the family is judged by the sort of manners that we children have, and so she has taken pains to teach us the right way to act on all occasions.

Sometimes I think that it is a nuisance being so polite. Other boys don't have to, but then they don't live in a parsonage either.

Getting one's feelings hurt is against the law at our house. Mother says that is a childish habit that some church members have but that we must never get it. She thinks that the best way to get rid of one's troubles is to laugh at them. If we think that we've been slighted or that somebody has it in for us she tells us "Forget it! Life's too short to bother about such things."

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Money doesn't seem to mean as much at our house as it does most places. My friend Bill says his father expects to get rich some day and then they'll have a maid and a yacht and all sorts of things.

But dad just isn't built that way. If he had a lot of money he would probably give most of it away. Money just doesn't stick to him.

Mother says that we aren't as poor as we used to be. When sister and I were small we lived out in the Dakotas, and I guess the biggest day of the year was when the home missionary barrel arrived. Half the family knew what Santa Claus was going to bring, but what might be in the barrel was a mystery to everyone. Only usually it was a happy surprise.

That is one reason why mother sees to it that everything is clean and attractive in the "parsonage boxes" which our church sends out. That's the new name for the old home missionary barrel.

We children are going to college, only dad says where the money is coming from is something of a mystery story, and that we've all got to help work out the solution.

Mother thinks we might as well learn how to wait table now for she suspects that we will both of us

work at that trade before we are through getting an education. She also has an idea that selling things is good experience as that is one of the easier ways of earning money while you are in school. Washing dishes and mowing lawns are not so good as they take a lot of time and muscle.

After we are through school we'll have to look after ourselves. We needn't expect any legacies as father and mother will have all they can do to take care of their own old age and there aren't any rich uncles in the family. But we needn't worry about our parents. Father is in the Annuity Fund, and that will give him enough to live on when he is too old to preach.

Teacher says that boys who come from a parsonage are likely to know more about the English language than others because they hear it used correctly and get used to long words while they are still young.

It is fun to have a house that is full of magazines and books and where the family talks about something besides the neighbors.

This business of being nice to everybody all the time isn't easy, but you probably feel better than if you let yourself be mean once in a while. And I'm really proud of my father and mother!

In the Heart of Sagebrush Land

On the mainline of the Union Pacific between Omaha and Ogden is Rock Springs, whose 9,000 people make it the third city of Wyoming. It lies in a barren valley between two mountain ranges with the mining of coal as its chief industry. Scrambling over the hills round about one can discover Indian arrowheads and varied geological specimens.

Our Church at Rock Springs, Wyoming

Our church was founded in 1881. In 1930 it prepared for its fiftieth anniversary by dedicating an attractive modern building. This was followed three weeks later by the death of William R. Marshall, the beloved pastor whose devoted labors had made this achievement possible. From the joys of the dedication to the sorrows of the funeral was a terrible descent.

Oliver P. Avery then undertook the difficult task of carrying the church through the days of the depression. The payments on the building debt had looked light, but the change in the times rendered them unexpectedly heavy. These were met with unfailing regularity. The climax of a happy five-year pastorate was the remodelling of the parsonage.

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In the summer of 1936 Keenan Sheldon came to Rock Springs. The nurture which he had received from his father, Frank M. Sheldon of Milwaukee and various other places, and practical experience in Oklahoma and Illinois together with the training of Chicago Seminary had prepared him for plenty of hard work in Wyoming.

The church needed young people. Mr. Sheldon had been an athlete in college and seminary. He helped the coach teach the high school team some football. A nice string of boys followed him back to church and into his newly organized young people's group.

Hikes, trips to the mountains, skating parties, tennis and basketball help to keep the pastor fit and the young people interested. On the religious side senior and junior choirs totalling between forty and fifty voices now assist with the worship. Sunday nights three groups of young people come together for study and discussion periods.

In innumerable ways the Sheldons have contacted their people. A good game of golf on Saturday has encouraged lay attendance on Sunday. Opportunity for expression and service have been provided through Family Church Nights, Fellowship dinners, religious drama programs.

The result is that attendance has increased from fifty to one hundred per cent over the preceding year, while the missionary apportionment has been paid in full.

The Keenan Sheldons

Discussion Wins Among the Finns

By John Haverinen

DURING the past year I have found many Finnish families in Milwaukee which had previously been unknown to me. Most of these contacts came through special occasions or dinners which we advertise in the newspapers.

Many of these people cherish a false conception of the church. Those with a communistic background think of it as a capitalistic institution.

The best cure for this attitude is a personal visit. It is good to see how much interest they take when the practical side of Christianity is presented to them.

Not long ago I asked one of these men if unionism or communism could offer anything higher than Jesus had proposed. He thought that frequently the church as an institution fell short, but that the teachings of Jesus did not. Many of these men want Jesus, but not the old-time "churchanity" which they have known.

In our men's discussion group we consider present-day trends in economics and government, the influence of labor unions and the question of war. It is surprising how this program draws our men. We seek to gather material from many sources, including the communistic papers. We claim that the Christian attitude is one of open-mindedness.

Personally I do not side with any political movement, but seek to point out both the good and the evil side of the various parties, always trying to maintain a Christian attitude.

We cannot win followers by ridicule or harshness of any sort. Only through the spirit of love and practical fellowship can we prove that we are interested in them.

I hope that eventually this method will draw many outsiders into our church. I will not urge them to come, for that method will not work with men of their background. The leader's task is to find a program which will attract their attention.

The only drawback to such tactics on the part of a minister is the attitude of his church members who have a conservative outlook. I believe the church should meet the needs of both groups. We cannot build the Kingdom of God by winning a few outsiders while at the same time we throw out some of those who are already in.

We also have a Bible class whose attendants thus far have been members of the church with a conservative background. It seems to satisfy their spiritual needs. As a pastor comes to know his people he also discovers what sort of teaching is best for them.

Preaching Missions in the Southeast

A YEAR ago James R. Clinton, pastor of the Central Church of Philadelphia, was appointed pastor-at-large under the Church Extension Division of the Board of Home Missions and assigned to the task of conducting preaching missions in the churches of the Southeast.

In this work he has proven utterly indefatiguable. He has gone to all sorts of churches and lived under all manner of conditions. He has gotten up early in the morning to conduct devotional meetings on the radio and he has stayed up late at night leading after-meetings for the training of personal workers.

He has spoken in high schools and before luncheon clubs. Many have been the songs that he has sung. To thousands he has brought his interpretation of *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.* Often he has preached twice a day. Much time has been spent in calling.

He has disdained the tricks of the evangelist, but he has never spared himself when it came to work. Everywhere he has been well received and urged to come back. The churches have felt that this was a most acceptable service which the Board of Home Missions was making available to them.

J. Bernard Root of Sanford, Florida, writes: "In this agricultural section of Florida we have taken a bad beating. Of the many hundreds of farmers in Seminole County only a few broke even. I know only two who made money last year. The majority are heavily in debt for fertilizer, seed and labor. Mr. Clinton came into such an atmosphere and not only added new life but sweetened things up a bit. He has a good message, but his sincerity is his greatest asset."

J. Everett Neese, pastor at Henderson, North Carolina, writes: "We have a financial problem in our church, and so the Finance Committee asked Mr. Clinton to conduct a seminar on church finance. He did this after one of the evening meetings. The suggestions which he made caused our people to take on new courage."

Personnel of the Boards

Samuel B. Coles

MR. SAMUEL B. COLES of Galangue, West Africa, as a result of his fine work in the development and promotion of agriculture among the Africans, his interest in native leguminous plants for agricultural and pasturage purposes, and his general viewpoint on increasing production in farming as well as on raising the standard of native living, has been asked by the Administrator to make a survey and report on the best farming lands in the district.

In December he reported the largest wheat crop in the history of the station: he had done the work with the labor of the boys and girls of the boarding department.

The Seed Corn Commission turned over to him twenty-four tons of fine seed corn to be distributed among the people of the area. His long continued promotional activity is at last getting a hearing and traders and natives are being greatly benefited.

The Bank of Angola asked him to take charge of the growing of seed corn for a great new market, the Canary Islands; the natives were to be paid five cents a bushel more for this new corn.

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Emmons E. White

REV. AND MRS. EMMONS E. WHITE were back for their third term in India twenty years from the time when they first went there fresh from college and divinity school, and five years from the time when they left Aruppukottai for their second furlough, which was prolonged for health and financial reasons. Three of those five years he was pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Palmer, Massachusetts, but when the Board asked him to return to the Mission so heavily handicapped by reduction in aid from America, he felt it his duty to accept. Their welcome by their fellow missionaries made them feel as if they were returning to their family circle. They are stationed now at Manamadura. Miss Bertha K. Smith had held the fort in their old station, Aruppukottai, alone for five years, until Rev. and Mrs. Raymond Dudley were stationed there last year on return from furlough.

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Henry A. Neipp

REV. HENRY A. NEIPP is back in West Africa again, located this time at Lobito on the coast; has assumed responsibility for missionary work there; and has taken charge of the Lobito Missionary Home. He was given a most hearty welcome by the Africans, the white people and the officials, and preached the first Sunday in Umbundu: the elders said they were "hungry to hear the Bible messages from our missionary."

The authorities of Lobito, as a mark of appreciation for the missionary work done at the Reserves, have donated a tract of land in the name of the native school-teacher for the purpose of building an adequate schoolhouse. The Christians and pupils are carrying stones there without pay, the masons only receiving wages. On a cliff above the low and unhealthy flats the Mission has secured another land concession where it is hoped a church may be built.

Mrs. Neipp died in America in 1936. Mr. Neipp adds to his first letter from the field: "Although my year of furlough has been a time of great sorrow, nevertheless I have had the priceless experience of realizing as never before the abiding presence and power of our Heavenly Father."

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Frank Cary

REV. AND MRS. FRANK CARY arrived on furlough in January from Otaru, Japan, where Frank Cary has been working shoulder to shoulder with his Japanese Christian colleagues, helping in the supervision of the churches, touring the country, organizing and fostering student clubs. Many fine Christian men have gone out from one of these, the "Pilgrim Club," organized nearly fifteen years ago. With this work he has also done quite an amount of writing, and his *Only Forty Years Ago* and his *The Lighter Side of History*, both printed in 1933 and *Loose Leaves from Japanese History*, printed in 1935, are of special interest in the light of present events. He was well fitted to prepare such volumes, for his father, Rev. Otis Cary, missionary in Japan 1878–1920, had possessed a keen interest in Japan and her history and many valuable books on the subject. Mrs. Cary also writes, and a poem appeared in this magazine last May.

Mr. Cary was graduated from Amherst in 1911, then taught in government schools in Japan for three years before entering Oberlin Seminary; he was appointed missionary to Japan the year of his graduation from Oberlin and marriage to Miss Rosamond Bates, a Vassar girl who had already been engaged for some years in educational and evangelistic work in Kobe and in Matsuyama, Japan.

Mrs. Otis Cary is returning to America with her son. Since Dr. Cary's death in 1932 she has made her home in turn with him and with her daughter Alice in Osaka.

Relief for China

THE tale of suffering in China has been reported in our newspapers from day to day. Millions of people have fled from their homes. Great cities and towns and villages over large areas have been depopulated. Multitudes—men, women and children—are without food, clothing, or shelter in a cold winter. And no one knows how much worse conditions may become as the war lines move inland.

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The need for aid has become almost immeasurable.

American people can give proof of the reality and depth of their sympathy for their innocent fellowmen in distress by sending gifts marked "for China Relief" to their local Red Cross headquarters. Still more important—all readers are urged to see that their local Red Cross chapters are adequately active.

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Every dollar will be forwarded to China without the reduction of one cent for overhead expenses, and the existing relief organizations in China are able to use such gifts efficiently.

The Foreign Missions Conference, representing the Mission Boards of the United States and Canada has appointed a special committee to assist the Red Cross in appealing to Christians throughout the land in behalf of this tremendous need.

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The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has endorsed through its Prudential Committee this appeal of the Red Cross, following similar action taken at Evanston by the Missions Council and the Board of Home Missions.

Pilgrim Fellowship Pointers

By Harry Thomas Stock

JESUS is more than a great historical character. He is the hope and the source of power for spiritual living to hosts of troubled Christians in our perplexing times. He should be the guide and strength of young people, for never are the inner tensions of life more terrific than during adolescence. If we can help our young people, during Lent, to understand how Jesus met the issues of life, and how he helps to meet today's problems, we shall be faithful in one of our chief responsibilities. How can this be done?

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First, we can encourage them in the practice of daily devotions. The booklet, *Lenten Devotions for Young People* (by A. J. Penner, Ray Gibbons, and H. D. Gray) is intended to do just that. Order a supply, give each young person a copy, spend some time in talking with them about the best way of making use of the booklet, and discuss the matter with them two or three times during the period when they are using it. (Five cents per copy, from The Pilgrim Press.)

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Second, let the young people's society meetings, for March and April, become informal "pastor's conversations" with them. The Christian Life topics (treated in *The Pilgrim Highroad*) try to interpret the inner experience of Jesus in such a way that young people may find the help he found in God for their own needs. These studies deal with "crises" in his life: the experience at the temple, his baptism, his temptation, his rejection by his own people, his method of bringing in the Kingdom of God, the reason for his crucifixion, his endless life, and the church which he established. This is a great opportunty to help young people to experience the religion of Jesus.

Third, some of these young people will join the church at the Easter season. This is a very significant step. Make sure that they understand what it means. Many have been helped by the leaflet, *Joining the Church* (two cents per copy; 100 for 50 cents, from the Young People's Department, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.).

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In summer conferences, it becomes clear that many young people are yearning both for an understanding of the meaning of Christianity and for knowledge as to how it may become powerful in their lives. The Lenten period is the greatest opportunity of the year for those who are concerned to help young people with their spiritual needs and problems.

Secretarial Side Lights

The Secretary of the New Hampshire Conference

Robert G. Armstrong

ROBERT G. ARMSTRONG is the sort of person whom it is perfectly natural and proper to salute as "Bob." The architecture of his head suggests an abundance of animal energy. One is not surprised to learn that he is likely to drive home from anywhere in New Hampshire at any hour of the night without even pausing to cast an eye on the heavens. But there is another side to his nature which is not revealed by his rugged brow. He has more sympathy and even subtlety than one might expect, and also cherishes a weakness for literature.

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The present leader of our New Hampshire churches was born in the woods of Michigan where men were men and a drink was a drink, and there were more drinks than men. He was followed into the world after an interval of twenty minutes by a twin brother, who tended to complicate matters for "the hero of our sketch." One compensation for this arrangement is that R. G. avers that he has been kissed by girls who could not tell the twins apart! The place of his arrival on this earth was Reed City, where Superintendent O. A. Smith of the Southwest was also born.

The folding up of the lumber industry led the Armstrong family to move to Northampton, Massachusetts. This location was chosen with an eye to the education of the twins. What Smith College did for them we do not know, but in due season they entered Amherst. After three years Robert G. discovered that he could finish the work on his A.B. in one more semester, and thriftily transferred to Oberlin so as to get started on his theology without delay. Ohio's leading Christian college made him a bachelor of arts in 1912 and a bachelor of divinity in 1914.

From Oberlin he wandered down the road a few miles to become pastor of the church at Amherst, Ohio. Next he journeyed east to Spencer, Massachusetts. This pastorate was interrupted by a period of war service, first as "Y" secretary with the Yankee Division and later commissioned as chaplain. The call of the west took him back to New York, where he helped in completing the merger of the Pilgrim Church with the First Church. After the consummation of this ecclesiastical wedding he went to Wellsville, New York, and then to the South Church of Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

This happy pastorate was interrupted by an invitation to come to New Hampshire and walk in the footsteps which Edward R. Stearns had been making around the state for twenty-five years. Bob knew surprisingly little about New Hampshire, but for nearly six years he has been exploring its beauties and discovering its possibilities. His administration has been conspicuous for its zeal in hunting up promising candidates for New Hampshire pulpits and its skill in so picturing churches to prospective pastors that they find it impossible to decline the calls—if they get them! From the ends of the earth returned missionaries have come to New Hampshire and found it a good place to be! The good spirit which prevails in the state has been built up through many years, but some of the frosting on the cake can be credited to the present secretary.

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Robert G. Armstrong married Esther Porter Armstrong, of the class of 1910 of Smith College. They have three children: Dan Bradley (named for the inimitable preacher) who is a freshman at Middlebury; Marian, and Richard Porter. During the long New Hampshire winters Bob studies literary lights such as Thoreau, Euripides, Samuel Butler, Walt Whitman, Blake, Hudson and others. Some of his discoveries are communicated to the churches at association meetings; others find circulation through publication in that enlightened periodical, *The Christian Leader*.

WILLIS F. PIERCE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, MADURA, INDIA

The Minister of Public Health of the Government of Madras opened this hospital at 9:15, December 15, Dr. Horace Thomas presenting the key and Dr. James Banninga, Chairman, beginning the function with a brief address. The Minister gave a fine address, and the Hospital Chaplain, Mr. R. K. Devadason, offered a wonderful prayer of dedication.

Dr. Wilder, Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, Dr. Thomas, Chairman J. J. Banninga

The front block of the hospital, containing the out-patient department, laboratory, and pavilion for tubercular patients; at the left is the public block containing 60 beds

Pavilion for tubercular patients

The Minister and the Chairman were garlanded—the garlands on this occasion being of gold lace, not flowers—and Marjorie Thomas, R.N., hung a garland on the picture of the donor, Dr. Willis F. Pierce, which was on a stand on the platform. This garland was later sent to him in California.

This, That, and the Other

Noon Hour Prayer Link

This was instituted by the National Christian Council of the Philippine Islands in December. For five minutes every day at noontime they are asking Christians everywhere to pray for the key officials of both China and Japan; for the entire nations of China and Japan; for the comforting presence of the Spirit of God with all who suffer; and for sympathetic help to war sufferers from the nations of the world. In China there is increasing coöperation among Christians, including Catholics as well as Protestants, and there is a surprisingly small amount of vindictiveness in the Christian churches.

World Day of Prayer

is to be observed on March 4. It begins in New Zealand and the Fiji Islands and as it progresses new groups join in praise and prayer until after some forty hours it ends at Gambell on St. Lawrence Island off the coast of Alaska thirty miles from the date line and about the same distance from the Arctic Circle.

All these groups pray that we may be one in our service for Jesus Christ, that barriers of race and class may be broken down, that men may find the way by which individuals and nations can live together in peace and understanding.

Tunghsien Comeback

"Tunghsien was the first of our North China Mission Stations to suffer in the present calamity. The shock that it received was terrific, but its comeback has been phenomenal," wrote Harold Robinson after his second return to Tunghsien the last of December. His first was after the bombing described by James Hunter in his diary, part of which was printed in January.

Garden Seed Needed, Crossville, Tennessee

Rev. Abram Nightingale of the Congregational Church in Crossville, Tennessee, writes that they have great need of garden seed. Many of the people who had worked at building roads and fences and clearing land in the Homestead project are now unemployed. Last year there were good gardens and in the fall a lot of canning was done, which helped out greatly in the food line.

Some years ago, in response to a statement of need for garden seed, small gifts of one or two dollars were sent Mr. Nightingale totalling about forty dollars with which he bought thousands of tomato and cabbage plants and a quantity of seed in bulk. So he trusts that this year friends may help him out in the same way.

Recent Publications

American Board

Over There, 1937. The annual report of the Board.

Board of Home Missions

Capturing the Younger Generation, by Harry T. Stock. Issued by the Division of Christian Education.

Helps for Leaders in Christian Education. Issued by the Division of Christian Education.

Spiritual Results of Christian Education, by Herbert W. Gates. Issued by the Division of Christian Education.

Council for Social Action

The Economic Plebiscite. Questions for the Ballot. Single copies free; in quantity, 5 cents each.

In Memoriam

Miss Lillian S. Cathcart

"Hero and pioneer; no life except in missionary interests"; such is the comment on Miss Cathcart in the files of The American Missionary Association. Her personal appearance is described as "White-haired, sharp-eyed, small, active."

Lillian Cathcart was born in Massachusetts in the middle of the last century but as a baby was taken to Minnesota, where she grew up. She received her education at the Teachers' College at Winona, which charged no tuition but which pledged its students to teach for a specified number of years in Minnesota.

After more than discharging this obligation Miss Cathcart applied to the American Board and was appointed missionary to Kusaie in the Marshall Islands, where she lived for five years. Once she was left alone with another lady teacher for an entire year while the regularly assigned family went to America for medical care. One grim old chief asked her, "Are you not afraid to be here all alone with evil spirits ever about you?" The fear-ridden people saw demons in all the elements of nature. "No," replied Miss Cathcart, "there is but one spirit, greater than anything on earth—the Father-God, who cares for me and for all of us." Perhaps her greatest hardship during this period was that mail came from home but once a year.

On returning to America it was found that both of her lungs and her heart had been affected by her residence in a warm, hot climate. She resigned as a missionary and found health as a teacher in a school for girls at All Healing Springs in western North Carolina, one of the ten schools in the South founded by Miss Emily Prudden. With increasing physical strength she sought a more venturesome task.

In 1890 Miss Cathcart was appointed principal of Lincoln Academy near Kings Mountain, North Carolina, another of the institutions launched by Miss Prudden. One of her first steps was to "let in" the boys, making the

school coeducational. In 1896 it is reported that she was providing tuition, board and room for $4.50 a month and arranging matters so the students could work off a third of this amount. She "kept school" all day, superintended all departments of the institution, taught Sunday School and preached on Sunday. Personal work for sinners was an absorbing passion. With astonishing strength for such a frail person she managed to extend her usefulness over a wide area. As doctors were remote, she often gave first aid, nursed the dying and helped new souls into life. Wherever she was needed she drove over the terrible mountain roads. When streams were too deep for fording in this bridgeless region she would curl up on the back of her horse and swim him across. Under her leadership the school enjoyed a healthy growth until she had 150 boarding pupils and 200 day students.

After twenty years at Kings Mountain Miss Cathcart was transferred to Talladega College in 1910, where she taught in the grades. She exercised a motherly oversight over the students who brought food from home and "kept house" for themselves. She also conducted night classes for the young people who worked in the day time.

While she was assigned to Talladega she was loaned for a year to serve as acting principal at Joppa, Alabama, where she was twenty-five miles from the railroad and had a hard time securing supplies, and for another year to the school at Orange Park, Florida. For three years she was engaged in orphan home work. From 1919 to 1923 she was assigned to the Lincoln Normal School in Marion, Alabama. She taught all told for fifty years.

After her retirement in 1923 she lived at the Congregational Home for the Aged in Washington, D. C. She was still interested in Sunday School and ready to help the sick and needy. Death came to her quickly on January 4. One of her early pupils saw the notice in the paper, and came to the funeral. So has passed another of our indomitable missionary pioneers.

We Must Repay

Ours is a solemn obligation. Upon us are the eyes of 1,400 aging ministers and their wives whose security, despite our promises, is threatened.

The slender annuities pledged them under the Original Plan of the Annuity Fund must not be curtailed. The results would bring stark tragedy to many homes.

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Mary Webb

"For Mary it will be a blessed homegoing after the living of a glorious and beautiful life, giving in abundant measure for others. The women of Missouri have always had the greatest love and admiration for the Webb sisters, and our hearts will be warm with sympathy for Elizabeth, for she will feel bereft indeed; but, brave soul that she is, she will carry on for others to the end." Thus wrote Mrs. Charles B. Marsh of Kansas City, Missouri, past State Women's President, for the Webb sisters have been a project of Missouri women from their appointments, Elizabeth in 1886 and Mary in 1890. Mary, ten years after her becoming an emeritus missionary of the American Board—ten years of continued service, nevertheless, in Syria for her beloved people—passed to her reward on January 4.

"Miss Mary had been greatly interested in the new social work in the Trad district of Beirut and had given generously to it. To the last she kept her great love for the people who were in need," writes her associate, Miss Jillson, from her furlough address in this country.

Daughter of a clergyman, Rev. Thomas Webb, who served pastorates in Missouri, Illinois, New York State, and Louisiana, Mary Grimsby Webb was born in 1856 in Esopus, N. Y., one of six children, three of whom survive her: Edward, William, and Elizabeth. She became a member of the Congregational Church in Bunker Hill, Illinois, studied at Western College and Seminary in Oxford, Ohio; after graduating spent several years teaching in Arkansas, Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) and New Mexico, until the way opened for her to fulfill the desire she had entertained from early childhood, to go to the foreign field. She joined her sister in Adana, Turkey, and they taught in the girls' school and did work for women, also relief work during and after the War, until the sisters separated in 1923 when Elizabeth went to Beirut, Syria, and Mary remained in Adana, until she retired in 1928. The two worked then among the Armenian refugees in Syria. "She gladly gave her life without reserve and with no trace of ostentation for the service of a suffering people, and her deeds of simple kindness and love will long be remembered by them," writes a former associate of hers, Rev. John Martin.

Samuel Lane Loomis, D.D.

Pastor, secretary, editor—such was the career of Samuel Lane Loomis. In the latter capacity he helped to establish an unrivalled record for longevity. His predecessor as editor of the American Missionary, Augustus Field Beard, lived to be 101, while he achieved the age of 81.

Samuel Lane Loomis was born in Littleton, Massachusetts. He graduated from Amherst College in 1877 and from Andover Seminary in 1880. His ministerial life covered 58 years. He was pastor of the York Street Church of Newport, Kentucky, 1880-85 and assistant pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Church of Brooklyn, then in the heyday of its growth, from 1887 to 1890. Then followed three pastorates: Bellevue Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, 1890-96; Union Church, Boston, 1896-1907; Westfield, New Jersey, 1909-16. From 1916 to 1923 he was an associate secretary of The American Missionary Association in the Department of Support. His final service was that of editor of the American Missionary from 1923 to his retirement in 1928. Since then he has made his home in Larchmont, New York, but spending his winters in Florida, where he died. In 1887 he married Marion Lippincott of Lincoln, Nebraska. They had one son, Henry S. Loomis, who is in business in New York City.

Mrs. Rufus C. Hitchcock

Louisa St. John was born February 2, 1841, in Simsbury, Connecticut, and in 1863 married Rufus C. Hitchcock, who served under the American Missionary Association from 1883 till his death in 1894, first as dean and professor in Straight College, New Orleans, then as President of the College, then as field superintendent. Mrs. Hitchcock taught in the inter-

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"Oh, Please, Are There Any Old Spectacles on Hand?"

asks Dr. I. Mary Roberts of Madura, South India. "The poor village Christians come asking me for them, and I have none." Has any reader of the MISSIONARY HERALD some he could send her? Harvey L. Meeken, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, will send on any sent to his care.

mediate grades from 1895 to 1905, then, retiring from the service of the A.M.A., lived for three years with her son Harold in West Philadelphia, then with her son Alfred in the same town. At his home she died Monday, January 17. A third son, Fred, of New London, had, like her, spent many years in the service of the American Missionary Association.

Fred W. Sweney

Fred W. Sweney, Corporate Member-at-Large of the American Board since 1925, member of the American Board's Prudential Committee from 1926 to 1930, died January 18 at the age of sixty-four in the Northern Pacific Hospital in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Born in Humboldt, Nebraska, September 10, 1873, he attended Doane College, Crete, Nebraska, then began his railroad career in 1896 in the accounting offices of the Burlington; served as claim agent of various elevator and export concerns in St. Joseph, Missouri, then returned to railroad accounting in Kansas City. He was appointed an examiner for the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1907, and in 1918 was appointed comptroller of the Northern Pacific. He made his home in St. Paul.

A member of the Plymouth Congregational Church of St. Paul, he was active in church work and in religious work for young people: he was president of the board of the Union Gospel Mission for fourteen years, and was a board member of the International Christian Endeavor.

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The Chronicle

FURLOUGHS AUTHORIZED

Rev. and Mrs. Paul M. Cassen of the Marathi Mission, beginning in the spring of 1938.

Miss Clara H. Bruce of the Marathi Mission, beginning in the spring of 1938.

Rev. and Mrs. G. Clifford Manshardt of the Marathi Mission, beginning in August, 1938.

Mrs. George W. Shepherd and children of the Shaowu Mission, beginning immediately.

Dr. Isabella H. Curr of the Ceylon Mission, to the British Isles in the spring of 1938, with a view to retirement.

Rev. and Mrs. Frank Cary of the Japan Mission, beginning immediately.

Dr. and Mrs. William T. Lawrence of the East Africa Mission, beginning in the spring of 1938, for health reasons.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Merrill N. Isely, in Gaziantep, Turkey, November 15, returning to the Near East Mission.

Miss Katherine Hardeman, in Madura, South India, January 16, returning to the Madura Mission; Miss Helen M. Jorgensen, joining the Mission.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Miss Minnie E. Carter and Miss Lavinia Scott of Inanda, South Africa, in New York, January 26.

Rev. and Mrs. Frank Cary of Otaru, Japan, in San Francisco, January 26.

BIRTHS

To Dr. and Mrs. Willis H. Willis of the East Africa Mission, at Mt. Silinda, South Rhodesia, a son, January 7.

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To. Mr. and Mrs. G. Ross Thomas of the Marathi Mission, at Wai, India, a son, January 24.

MARRIAGE

Dr. Wilson F. Dodd of the Near East Mission, and Miss Mary Sue Avery, at Berea, Kentucky, January 28.

DEATHS

Rev. Samuel Lane Loomis, Associate Secretary of The American Missionary Association, 1916–1928, at Orlando, Florida, on January 11.

Mrs. Rufus C. Hitchcock, in work under The American Missionary Association, 1883–1905, in West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, January 17.

F. W. Sweney, Corporate Member of the American Board and Prudential Committee member, 1926–1930, in St. Paul, Minnesota, January 18.

Miss Mary Pixley, daughter of Rev. Stephen C. Pixley, an early American Board missionary in South Africa, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, January 19.

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